



*Away goes Iris swift as wind, Which, taking fire as down she falls  
Her fumes despoiling from behind, Unknowing man a rain-bow calls.*

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*J. Smith 1784*

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*1507/960*

BURLESQUE TRANSLATION  
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IN TWO VOLUMES.

*Dilucida & negligenter quoque audientibus aperta; ut in  
animum ratio tanquam sol in oculos, etiamsi in eam non  
intendatur, occurrat. Quare ut non intelligere possit sed  
ne omnino possit non intelligere curandum.*

QUINTIL.

If you would make a speech, or write one,  
Or get some artist to indite one,  
Don't think, because it's understood  
By men of sense, it's therefore good;  
But let your words so well be plann'd,  
That blockheads can't misunderstand.

THE THIRD EDITION,  
GREATLY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR S. HOOPER, N° TWENTY-FIVE,  
LUDGATE-HILL.  
M DCC LXX.

THE HISTORY OF THE

H. O. E. R.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

By the Rev. John G. ...  
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THE SECOND VOLUME.

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PRINTED BY G. B. ...  
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EXPLANATION  
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**EXPLANATION of the PLATE for the SECOND VOLUME.**

IN order to give Agamemnon time to shew his skill in boxing, Jupiter sends Iris down; to order Hector to be quiet while; she finds him seated on a brewer's dray, smoking a pipe, but dispersing those fumes which form the rainbow; with more than ordinary force she hits Jupiter on the nose, and sets him a sneezing.



EXPLANATION of the PLATE for the SECOND COLUMN.

order to give Agamemnon time to show his skill in boxing. Jupiter sends his dove, to order Hector to be slain. He sends him down on a hawk's back, making it but a passing shot, which forms the rainbow. A more than ordinary force he his Jupiter on the side, giving a flourish.

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# A R G U M E N T.

**W**HEN Hector got upon the plain,  
 They fell to loggerheads again;  
 Pallas, afraid Greece would not stand,  
 Prepar'd to lend a helping hand:  
 Apollo saw her tie her garters,  
 And strait resolv'd to watch her waters,  
 On which he pos'd his body down,  
 And met her pretty near the town.  
 After a spell of small-talk prattle,  
 They both agree to cease the battle  
 For the remainder of that day,  
 But farther Homer doth not say.  
 Then Hector came and puff'd his cheeks;  
 And sorely frighten'd all the Greeks,  
 Told 'em he'd box that afternoon  
 Their boldest cock, for half a crown,  
 Which scar'd 'em so confoundedly,  
 That every mother's son let fly;  
 Tho' nine at least their names put in,  
 After they'd wip'd their breeches clean.  
 Nestor, who knew at any rate  
 Nothing but Ajax knotty pate  
 Could stand his blows, contriv'd it so,  
 That he should draw the longest straw;  
 On which these thick-scall'd champions fight  
 Till parted by one Mrs. Night.  
 Next, in a council, Troy's old pack  
 Of statesmen vote to send Nell back;

But Paris by his bullying cool'd 'em,  
 Or else by brib'ry over-rul'd 'em;  
 Then d—d his eyes if he would spare  
 Of all her stock one single hair  
 From any place that was about her,  
 But he would give the Greeks without her  
 All the hard cash she brought to Dover;  
 And double it five or six times over.  
 Priam a bellman sent to offer  
 The Greeks this advantageous proffer,  
 And beg a truce, to look about  
 And see who'd got their brains block'd out.  
 The Greeks (tho' they were every bit  
 As poor as our great patriot P—,  
 When he began at first to flatter,  
 And stun the house with his perlatery,  
 Yet for a truth, depend on't, I know  
 They all refus'd the ready rhino;  
 But readily agreed, they say,  
 To cease all fratching for a day.  
 After both sides their arms had ground'd,  
 And gather'd up their sick and wounded,  
 Old Nestor did their bricklay'rs call up,  
 And made 'em build a good strong wall up,  
 At which old Neptune fell a grumbling,  
 Till Jove, to stop his guts from rumbling,  
 Promis'd the wall should soon come tumbling.





THE SEVENTH BOOK OF  
HOMER'S ILLIAD.

BOOK VII.

**T**HUS spake this Trojan heart of oak,  
And thundred thro' the gate like smoke;  
His brother Pallas follow'd close,  
Resolv'd to give the Greeks a dose:  
As when poor sailors tir'd with towing,  
And all their fingers gall'd with rowing,  
Keep growling hard, but when they find  
Jove sends a favourable wind,  
No more each two-legg'd bruin swears,  
But lends the coming breeze three cheers,  
Thus welcome are these roaring boys,  
Both to the Dardan troops and Troy's;  
And they who scarce the field could keep,  
Now drive the Grecians on a heap.

Paris, to help to wipe his stains out,  
 Soon knock'd Menestheus's brains out;  
 Areithous, a mousetrap-maker,  
 Seduc'd a very pretty quaker  
 To let him one unlucky night  
 Extinguish all her inward light,  
 And get this boy; but tho' he thrash'd hard,  
 The urchin prov'd a graceless bastard.  
 Then with a most confounded whack  
 Eioneus tumbl'd on his back;  
 An inch below his cap of steel,  
 A thump from Hector made him feel;  
 Much stronger necks could not resist  
 Such blows from Hector's mutton fist:  
 Down tumbl'd he upon the plain,  
 But never found his legs again.  
 Next in the individual locus,  
 Iphinous was chanc'd by Glaucus;  
 The broomshaft's point his shoulder tore up  
 Just as he set his foot i' th' stirrup,  
 Which chang'd the intended motion soon  
 From rising up to tumbling down.  
 Minerva's guts began to grumble,  
 To see her fav'rite Grecians tumble:  
 To earth she in a hurry popt,  
 And after her Apollo dropt;  
 Both lit upon the self-same stone,  
 Like Flocton's poppets, Punch and Joan,



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# HOMER'S ILIAD. 5

And, e'er they did their talk begin,  
Stood for a minute chin to chin.

Madam, says Phœbus, I'm your humble,  
And most obedient cum dumble;  
By Vulcan's horns I vow and swear,  
I little thought to find you here:  
I hope before you took this frolick,  
You felt no symptoms of your cholick.  
I heard, dear Ma'am, with all the knowledge  
And wisdom that you lent the colledge,  
A recipe they could not make  
To cure your la'yships belly-ake;  
But had the great wigg'd varlets thought on  
The famous drops of Doctor Stoughton,  
That would have don't; they eas'd my tripes  
When all on snicksnarts with the gripes,  
And you'll experience, if you try,  
They cure the gripes both wet and dry;  
I therefore for the belly ake  
No other medicine will take,  
Not even Ward's tremendous pill,  
Nor sage prepar'd by Doctor H——.  
But, Ma'am, may I, without transgression,  
Presume to ask a single question;  
Did not your ladyship whip down,  
Slyly to crack some Trojan's crown?  
I know the only sight you've fun in  
Is when you see the Trojans running;



6 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

But hold your fist a spell, and soon  
Their huts and barns shall tumble down;  
For who can stand against the whims  
Of two such d—d revengeful brims?

When thus replies the scratching bitch,  
Split me, if you arn't grown a witch;  
I came for mischief here, and would  
Have pummel'd Hector if I could;  
But after what you've said, I now  
Would part, 'em, if you'd tell me how;  
But they keep such confounded clattering,  
Whilst blood, and guts, and brains they're scattering,  
That Stentor with his brazen lungs,  
Or Fame with all her hundred tongues,  
One word amongst 'em cannot wedge,  
Tho' set with e'er so sharp an edge;  
Then how should I? for, without flatter'ing,  
You know I ne'er was fam'd for chatt'ring.

To her, when she had done her prate,  
Replies the god with carrot pate,  
I know a scheme will do the job,  
If you'll consent to bear a bob:  
That, says the fighting jade, I'll do,  
Tho' it should prove a bob or two.  
Then, says the god, do you begin  
Directly now to put it in:  
Put what, ye hedgehog, says the jade?  
Why put it into Hector's head.

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# HOMER'S ILLIAD

To ride amongst the Grecian band  
 With an old backsword in his hand,  
 Then with a flourish challenge out  
 The boldest bruiser to a bout  
 At quarter-staff or cudgel play,  
 Or flats or sharps, on any way,  
 Till Greece, desirous to abase him,  
 Shall find some thick-skull'd knave to face him.

They then shook hands, their faith to pledge,  
 Then squatted down behind a hedge:  
 The moment that they disappear'd,  
 Helenus, who their chat o'erheard,  
 The breast of valiant Hector fir'd,  
 By telling him he was inspir'd.

Hector, says he, I dare defy  
 The crying prophet, Jeremy,  
 To tell more gospel truth than I:  
 That no more rogues to-day may drop,  
 Go you and all your stabroons stop;  
 Then challenge, tho' the Greeks should stare,  
 Their best backsword or cudgel play:  
 Away, and do not stay to grumble,  
 For be assur'd in this days rumble  
 The devil will not let you tumble.

He said, and Hector rais'd his mop's  
 Long shaft, and all the Trojans stops  
 On this the Grecian chief commands  
 His squabbling knaves to hold their hands.

## THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

Apollo and the fighting lafs  
 Chuckled to find their scheme take place;  
 Like owls in ivy-trees they sat,  
 To see which broke the other's pate.  
 The common rogues, as well they might,  
 Were glad to let their leaders fight;  
 'Twould please you much to see how soon  
 The rabble threw their broomstaf's down,  
 Then, with a clumpish kind of sound,  
 Bang went their buttocks on the ground:  
 As when a darkness spreads the streets,  
 One drunkard with another meets,  
 They roll, and mighty pother keep,  
 Till both i' th' kennel fall asleep,  
 Thus by degrees these sons of Mars's  
 Settle themselves upon their a—s,  
 When Hector, with a thund'ring speech,  
 Made half the Greeks bedaub their breech.  
 Ye Grecian bulls, and Trojan bears,  
 Attend, and prick up all your ears;  
 Great Jove's resolv'd to plague us all,  
 That broils shall rise, and stocks shall fall,  
 So orders war to rage anew,  
 Till you burn us, or we burn you:  
 Better to end it soon than late;  
 Or make a peace *inadequate* to state;  
 Therefore with both your ears attend;  
 'Tis Hector counsels as a friend,



# HOMER'S ILLIAD

To hinder, e'er the day-light closes,  
 More bloody pates and broken noses,  
 Find out a Broughton or a Slack,  
 That dares my knotty pate attack;  
 If I should fall in this dispute,  
 Or get my teeth or eyes knock'd out,  
 Without the least demur or racket,  
 O' god's name let him have my jacket,  
 And all my cash; my carcass tho'  
 Amongst my friends to Troy must go,  
 There to be burnt; and whilst it's frying  
 They'll make a concert up of crying:  
 But if, by Phoebus' aid, my thrust  
 Shall lay your Buckhurst in the dust,  
 I'll give his jacket to Apollo  
 For helping me to beat him hollow;  
 His batter'd carcass I will save,  
 For which his friends may dig a grave  
 On the sea shore, and o'er his bones  
 Lay one of Carr's black marble stones,  
 Which, when some honest tar shall see,  
 As he returns from smuggling tea,  
 Thus to himself poor Jack will cry,  
 (Belching a soft Geneva sigh)  
 Here lies, beneath this stone so polish'd;  
 A Greek, by Hector's staff demolish'd;  
 The stone acquaints us with the deed;  
 I'd tell his name if I could read.

10 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

This speech so scar'd the Grecian prigs,  
They star'd about 'em like stunk pigs;  
When Menelau, of all the throng,  
First found his feet, and then his tongue;  
For jumping up from off his breech,  
He sputter'd out this furious speech:

Ye men of Greece, why all this trimming?  
Nay hold, I mean ye Grecian women,  
What shame! when half the world shall hear  
Ye all bepist yourselves for fear  
That Greece had not one bold protector  
Durst face this bullying scrub, this Hector;  
But I will fight him you shall see,  
Tho' he's as big again as me;  
And by that time ye ev'ry one  
May change, perhaps, from wood to stone,  
This speech of speeches being done,  
He whip'd his greasy buffcoat on;  
Wrath fill'd him with a strong desire  
To run his fingers into th' fire:  
Had he the fate of battle try'd,  
Hector had surely trimm'd his hide;  
But all at once both old and young,  
As if by wasps or hornets stung,  
Start up with one consent to speak,  
And stop this Bobadillian Greek;  
Resolv'd they'd not indur'd the cub in  
His great desire to get a drubbing,

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HOMER'S ILLIAD: 14

Atides claim'd first turn to speak,  
Because he was the leading Greek;

He clinch'd his fist, and thus began:  
The devil sure is in the man;  
Burn my old wig, but you're about  
A scheme to get your brains knock'd out;  
You've no more chance, I'll make't appear,  
Than Jackson's mastiff with a bear:  
Vext tho' thou art, and ought to be,  
Hector's too big a whelp for thee;  
Achilles self, were not his cloaths  
So thick, they keep him safe from blows,  
Would think it far the lesser evil  
To be obliged to box the devil;  
Stay where you are, or lye in bed,  
We'll find a chief with thicker head;  
Tho' pleas'd the stoutest on the lawn  
Would be to have the battle drawn,  
Should he this bully rock engage  
On Broughton's, or on any stage:

He spoke; and honest Menelaus  
Was glad at heart he need not go;  
But kept his cheeks upon the puff,  
Till they had lugg'd his doublet off;  
When the old cock with froth and slaver  
Began, as usual, his perlavers:

O sons of Greece, pray what's the matter,  
That thus I hear your grinders chatter?

12 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

And every Greek and Trojan sees  
 Warm water running down your knees;  
 Greece shakes her nob to see how soon  
 One blust'ring Trojan runs you down;  
 Time was when Peleus heard with joy,  
 How well ye drubb'd these rogues of Troy,  
 And thought he ne'er could hear enough,  
 How Jack could kick, and Ned could cuff;  
 But, lord! how will th' old fellow fret  
 To find one Trojan makes ye sweat;  
 What grievous tears will he let fall,  
 And wish the d—— I had ye all:  
 O! that the gods, to try my mettle,  
 Would boil me in Medea's kettle;  
 Then lend me health and strength in plenty,  
 Such as I had at five-and-twenty,  
 When I broke all th' Arcadian spears,  
 And made the scoundrels hang their ears.  
 One Eruthelion at that place  
 Had bought a rusty iron mace  
 O'th' mayor of Hedon, who had got  
 A new one giv'n for his vote:  
 This mace Areithons did handle,  
 Just as I would a farthing candle;  
 With this he smash'd the boldest foe,  
 But scorn'd a broomshaft or a bow:  
 Yet one Lycurgus came, and soon  
 With his sharp broomstick fetch'd him down;



He met him in a narrow place,  
 Where he'd no room to swing his mace,  
 On which without delay he puts out  
 His broomshaft's point, and pricks his guts out;  
 Down tumbl'd he in rueful case,  
 On which the conquerer seiz'd his mace:  
 But growing blind, this fighting tūp  
 Thought it was best to give it up  
 To Eruthelion, who would break  
 Above a hundred pates a week;  
 This he for sev'ral weeks had done,  
 Which made our trainbands sweat and run,  
 All ran but me, I scorn'd to flinch;  
 Tho' youngest, would not budge an inch.  
 This man I fought, this son of Mars,  
 And fetch'd him such a kick o'th' a—  
 That down he dropt; but, when he fell,  
 I know you'll stare at what I tell,  
 But I'll make oath 'fore justice Baker,  
 He fairly cover'd half an acre.  
 Were I just now but half as strong,  
 Hector should not stand heft'ring long;  
 But you that are young men in vigour,  
 All join to cut a special figure,  
 If you daren't fight the man; e'en say;  
 Don't trembling stand, like stags at bay,  
 But trust your heels and run away;

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

If you can't keep your breeches dry,  
You'd better as you run let fly;  
Unless you fancy Hector may,  
Should you in such condition stay,  
First stop his nose, then run away.

This drolling speech o'th' queer old wight  
Made 'em all scratch where't did not bite;  
So eager now they grew to smite him,  
That nine jump'd up at once to fight him.  
Great Agamemnon swore and curst,  
And damn'd his eyes but he'd be first;  
At which bold Diomed was vext,  
But swore by Pallas he'd be next:  
Ajax, who seldom spoke a word,  
Roars out, By Jove I'll be the third,  
'Cause Agamemnon swore in passion,  
Ajax thought swearing was the fashion.  
The bold Oileus too was there,  
Who swore by g-d he would not spare:  
Ajax, says he, is third, don't part us,  
But put my name in *locus quartus*.  
Idomeneus, tho' not so swift,  
As brave Oileus, came in fifth;  
Then on Euripylus they fix,  
And mark his back with number six;  
Merion thought it no disgrace,  
To come and take the seventh place.

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Bold Thoas was a man of weight;  
 So him they put in number eight.  
 Ulysses saw, by what was done,  
 He must at all events make one;  
 Look'd fierce to hide his inward fear,  
 And boldly came to close the rear.  
 The motion felt at first for fight—  
 Was strangely chang'd to one for fighting.

When Nestor found his speech succeed,  
 He spoke again: My boys, take heed,  
 You'd like to've quarrell'd who should run first,  
 And now each wishes he'd begun first;  
 But, to prevent all future difference  
 About our giving one the preference,  
 I'd have you take the good advice  
 Of Sancho's \* lawyer, box and dice;  
 And it shall be his lot to go,  
 That trundles out the highest throw;  
 Whoe'er he be, the valiant buck  
 Will think himself in hellish † luck.

\* Cervantes tells us, if I remember right, that Sancho Pancho, after hearing the cause on both sides with wonderful attention, and taken a little time to digest the learned arguments on both sides, pull'd out his box and dice to decide the matter, and the highest throw won the cause, which gave great content. If our j-dg-s would but follow his example, it would prevent their being so often interrupted in their nap, as they need be disturbed but once in a cause.

† Whether Nestor means good or bad luck by the word

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16 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

He spoke, and then his case unlocks,  
And out he lugs both dice and box;  
The bullies then begin to pray;  
But, on my soul, 'tis hard to say,  
Whether to lose or win the day;  
But to the bully Ajax all  
In secret wish'd the lot might fall:  
Nestor their meaning understood,  
And tipt 'em all the wink it should:  
Atrides then his elbows shak'd;  
Tho' inwardly his gizzard quak'd;  
But soon he was reliev'd this bout,  
For Nestor cries, Aums ace, you're out;  
Then Ajax grasps his clumsy fist,  
And gives the box a dev'lish twist,  
Out pops the dice, cries Nestor—Seven  
'S the main; a nick, by Jove, eleven;  
Another throw then Ajax tries,  
Eight is the main old Nestor cries;  
Resolv'd his jobbernoul to cozen,  
Roars out, another nick, a dozen;  
And so it might I swear and vow,  
For aught that honest Ajax knew,  
Who took on trust whate'er was done,  
So whip'd his fighting jacket on,

hellish, we must refer to the bucks of this age, because by them the word is used indifferently for both good and bad.

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Whilst all the rest could hardly help  
From laughing at the thick-sculld whelp.

O warriors! cries this head of rod,  
I'll smoke great Hector's hide by god;  
But lend me first each man a pray'r,  
So low the Trojans may not hear;  
But let 'em hear, on recollection,  
To pray is no such great reflection;  
No mortal scrub on earth dare say  
That I'm afraid because I pray.  
In days of old, tho' 'twas but rare,  
Men bold as me have said a pray'r;  
Cromwell himself, I've heard folks say,  
Like any popish saint could pray,  
And yet when people were not civil,  
Could swear and bully like a devil;  
Then bring the man alive or dead,  
That valiant Ajax ought to dread:  
Not Warwick's earl, that kicking cub,  
Whose arm could whirl so thick a club,  
That all our granny's tell us how  
He kill'd a whacking great don cow;  
Was he alive, I make no doubt  
To kill him, and his cow to boot:  
In Salamis my mother bore me,  
And bid me kick the world before me.  
No more he said, but on the stones  
Dropt down upon his marrow-bones,

18 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

Held up his hands, and then began  
To say his lesson like a man;  
His comrades too perform their parts;  
And club their pray'rs with all their hearts;  
But like the Jews, the varlets made  
D—'d ugly faces: \* whilst they pray'd,  
O father Jove!, whose greatest pride  
Is whoring on the mountain Ida!  
Now grant that honest Ajax may  
Give the first broken head to-day:  
But, if thou guard'st those Trojan cattle,  
Then grant it may be a drawn battle  
That, like the German and the Gaul,  
Both sides may sing, and roar, and bawl  
Te Deum, tho' for naught at all,  
And tell their god a cursed lie,  
That both have got the victory.

Now Ajax, 'cause the coat he put on  
Was left without a single button,  
To keep it tight he ty'd it fast  
With a rope's end about his waist,  
Then like a Spaniard struts, who prides  
To shew his wrath in mighty strides.

\* Our author says, that going one evening into the Jews' synagogue, he observed the most devout of them making confused ugly faces. What reason they have for striving to put on worse phizzes than God has given them, he can't tell.

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Great joy ran thro' the Grecian bands,  
 Tho' his hands shak'd like drunken Rand's;  
 And, whilst he was the Trojan eyeing,  
 He grinn'd to keep himself from crying.  
 The Greeks were humm'd, and Troy besides  
 Was scar'd to see him take such strides.  
 Hector himself was wond'ring that  
 His mighty heart went pit-a-pat;  
 Though now there was no time to take  
 But he must brew as well as bake.  
 Ajax behind his shield did keep,  
 But ventur'd now-and-then to peep;  
 A dev'lish thumping shield it was,  
 'Twould load an English ox or ass;  
 Look Scotland thro' till you are blind,  
 So large a targe you'll hardly find:  
 Seven good tup-skins as can be seen,  
 Cover'd a greasy kitchen screen,  
 The roast-meat side of which we find,  
 With old tin cannisters was lin'd:  
 One Tychius who dwelt in Hyle,  
 Where Yorkshire shoes are made most vilely,  
 Finish'd this shield and made it neat,  
 By sawing off two clumsy feet;  
 This potlid Ajax held before  
 His guts, and then began to roar,  
 Hector, come here, you whelp, and try  
 Who cudgels best, or you, or I.

20 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

Achilles dare not come, who cares?  
 You see as good a man that dares;  
 Let him sit sulky, if he will;  
 His place great Ajax self dares fill,  
 Bold hearts like me we have good store;  
 There's three I'm certain, if not four,  
 That any hour o'th' day are willing  
 To box for six-pence or a shilling;  
 Nay, some for half a crown will try,  
 When cash and courage both run high;  
 So, let me lose the day or win it,  
 Here I stand ready to begin it.

Hector replies, Great son of Tel.  
 You seem to scold it pretty well;  
 But sure you think the rock of Troy  
 Some chuckle-headed booby boy,  
 Just parted from a country school,  
 And therefore dares not face an owl;  
 But I will face you, you shall see,  
 Tho' you were in an ivy tree,  
 And look'd as fierce before you spoke,  
 As Charley in the royal oak:  
 I dare, for th' honour of our house,  
 Say boh to any Grecian goose.  
 Your broomshaft strokes with ease I'll cut off,  
 And all Broughtonian thumps can put off;  
 But as I value not a fart  
 Your puffs, I shan't make use of art;

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## HOMER'S ILLIAD.

21

By downright strength I'll try my fate,  
And scorn to steal a broken pate.

At this his quarter-staff he rears,  
And laid about the Grecian's ears;  
His nob he gave a swinging knock;  
But might as well have hit a rock;  
Ajax then drove at Hector's crown,  
Who flinch'd, or else he'd knock'd him down;  
So vastly furious was the stroke,  
Both quarter-staves to pieces broke;  
The cudgels next the bullies try,  
And baste each other hip and thigh;  
Fierce as two squabbling lawyers prate,  
Or two fish wives at Billingsgate,  
And seem'd to be a special match,  
Till Hector got a little scratch;  
His wrath to see his blood run down  
Made him let fly a thumping stone,  
Which hit his pate, and off did pass  
As if his noddle had been brass;  
But Ajax threw with such a shock  
A craggy ragged piece of rock,  
And aim'd the stone so well, that he  
Almost demolish'd Hector's knee.  
Hector was glad to lean upon  
His potlid, else he'd tumbl'd down;  
But Sol, who always did attend him,  
Brought him a dram of rum to mend him.

# THE SEVENTH BOOK

Andrew Ferrara's next the word,  
For each had got a highland sword,  
Which when they flourish'd in the air,  
The glitt'ring blades made people stare:  
Just as they met in guise uncivil,  
Like great St. Michael and the devil,  
With fell intent to cut and slash,  
And of their bodies make a hash,  
The wary seconds both popp'd out,  
And put an end to this tough bout;  
Talthybius did the Greek attend,  
Idæus was: great Hector's friend,  
(Both constables and cunning knaves)  
Betwixt the swords they thrust their staves.  
Idæus first began to speak,  
For he had learnt a little Greek:

Forbear, my buffs, your further fray,  
Jove says ye fight no more to-day;  
No more of bus'ness can be done  
To-day, because the day is gone.

Ajax was now grown cock-a-hoop,  
Because he could with Hector cope;  
Pray, Sir, says he to Hector, speak:  
He challeng'd forth the boldest Greek.  
If he should say it's time to part,  
I'll give it up with all my heart;  
But, he you both must own, begun first,  
And therefore ought, I think, have done first.



Then Hector speaks : Great Sir, you're right,  
 And, if you dare but trust your sight,  
 By looking sharp you'll see its night;  
 And you and all the people know  
 To box at night's against the law;  
 For want of light we by surprise  
 Might knock out one another's eyes;  
 And e'en just now, so dark it grows,  
 I scarce can see your copper nose.  
 So let's decide some other day  
 Who's the best men at cudgel-play;  
 Your great escape the Greeks will tell of,  
 They'll jump to find you're come so well off;  
 And all the good old wives in Troy,  
 At my escape will jump for joy.  
 But let us make, this glorious day,  
 Some sort of swap, that folks may say  
 These souls were neither whig nor tory,  
 But battled for their country's glory.  
 With that a sword he gave, whose hilt  
 Was made of brass, but double gilt:  
 This gift did Ajax stomach melt  
 So much, he gave his greasy belt.  
 Then with a Spanish air, those twain  
 Majestic strutted home again;  
 Hector, at his return to Troy,  
 Did really make 'em jump for joy:  
 They star'd, but yet the better half  
 Came up to feel if he was safe;

24 THE SEVENTH BOOK

Poor Ajax was swell'd up and puff'd,  
 Like a black pudding over stuff'd.  
 In this queer trim the Grecians bring  
 The puff'd-up hero to the king,  
 Who, far from thinking 'twas a man,  
 Thought they had dress'd a sack of bran  
 In Ajax cloaths; but, being fully  
 Convinc'd it was the very bully,  
 That could with valiant Hector box,  
 He bid the butcher kill an ox;  
 That you mayn't think the gen'ral boasted,  
 A fine Scotch runt was kill'd and roasted:  
 Great Agamemnon laid the cloth,  
 Then boil'd the neck and shanks for broth;  
 When all was cook'd the king took care  
 To deal each hungry knave his share;  
 But valiant Ajax for his supper  
 Eat the sirloin and half the crupper,  
 By which you'll think, and think aright,  
 The man could eat as well as fight.  
 When they had stuff'd their bellies full,  
 And drank each man a hearty pull,  
 Nestor begins, who never long  
 Was known to hold his noisy tongue:

It grieves my very guts to say  
 That this has been a dismal day,  
 But faith it was; upon the shore  
 A dozen hearty cocks, or more,

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Were on their backs by Hector laid,  
 And half of them half knock'd o' th' head;  
 Whilst we are drown'd in grief and sorrow,  
 How can we think to box to-morrow?  
 A little time should sure be found  
 To get our dead men under ground;  
 Which if we don't, I know full well,  
 They'll quickly make a curst smell;  
 To Hector's drubs we need not yield,  
 Our friends will stink us off the field,  
 When we have got them under ground,  
 Both rotten carcasses and sound,  
 Each man shall have a handsome stone  
 For babes to cry or piss upon:  
 Next we will all our bricklay'rs call up  
 To dig a ditch and build a wall up,  
 To save our huts and boats and lighters,  
 From those damn'd copper-nos'd sheep-biters,  
 Then make strong gates, that, if the rout  
 Should come too near, we'll bolt 'em out;  
 Next on the walls build tow'rs, and prop 'em:  
 The devil's in't, if that don't stop 'em,  
 Then if the foe comes helter skelter,  
 We all know where to run for shelter,  
 Nor want of this, if they should beat us,  
 They burn our boots, and roast and eat us.

Thus spake this queer old Grecian wight,  
 And all the captains thought him right.

26 THE SEVENTH BOOK

In the mean time the Trojan peers  
Were met, and almost got by th' ears;  
Tho' their hearts ach'd, this crew so factions  
Could not refrain from being fractious;  
All order they despis'd or summons,  
Just like an English house of ————  
At last the grave Antenor rose,  
And strove their diff'rence to compose.

What I shall utter is no merit,  
'Tis inspiration of the spirit;  
Says this old cuss: restore but Hellen,  
And we our houses safe may dwell in;  
Let Hellen and her money go  
To Sparta or to Strumbello,  
With all belongs her head or tail;  
Don't keep the paring of a nail.  
If Paris hath not got enough  
Of trimming her bewitching buff,  
But longs to switch the gipsy still,  
You'll own with me he never will;  
Then must be forc'd, and so I vote  
To do the very thing he ought;  
We broke the truce, the Grecians felt us,  
And Jupiter, by g-d, will pelt us;  
Then let us quickly stir about;  
And do't before your forc'd to do't.

Th' old Trojan spoke and down he sat,  
When Paris rose and twirl'd his hat:

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Smelt at his box perfum'd with musk,  
 Then hemm'd and look'd as fierce as Hades;  
 You say your speech must claim no merit,  
 'Tis inspiration of the spirit;  
 But, if the matter I can handle,  
 A canting quaker's farthing candle,  
 Twinkling within him, gives more light  
 Than this of yours that burns so bright.  
 When young perhaps you might be wise;  
 Wisdom decays as well as eyes:  
 You think that I have had enough  
 Of trimming Hellen's heav'nly buff.  
 The thought is mighty well for you,  
 For whom three times a year might do;  
 But Hellen ne'er shall quit my hand,  
 So long as I can go or stand.  
 As for the money that she brought  
 From Greece, I scorn to touch a groat;  
 It lies with his tobacco-stopper,  
 Five pounds in silver, three in copper,  
 In an old trunk, with some old gear,  
 I never yet would let her wear:  
 Let Menelaus touch the pelf,  
 I only want to touch herself,  
 Besides, I'll pay him for the touch,  
 And give him twenty times as much  
 From my own stock as she brought with her,  
 When first she came from Sparta hither;

28 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

But ere she goes, by holy Paul,  
I'll see the devil fetch ye all.  
Priam, who fear'd by all this rout,  
His trusty Trojans might fall out,  
Rose up to speak; the crew so villent  
Had the good manners to be silent;  
On which th' old Trojan bow'd to each,  
Then hemm'd and made this king-like speech:

“Ye hearts of oak that round me sit,  
What think ye if we pick a bit?  
I saw the cook-maid, Mary, put on  
The spit, a thumping loin of mutton,  
Above an hour and half ago;  
It must be ready now I know;  
When we have pick'd the bones and tail,  
And each man drank a gill of ale,  
We'll guard the walls, and all the night  
Look sharp to keep our matters right,  
A bell-man in the morn shall mention  
To the Greek captain our intention;  
And add, 'twill suit us to a tittle,  
If both sides take their breath a little,  
That those who on the ground are laid,  
May come and tell us if they're dead;  
If they're alive, we can assure them,  
Our quacks will either kill or cure 'em;  
Then if they please with might and main  
We'll buckle to't, and box again.”

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Soon as the Trojan king had said,  
 Each captain seiz'd a piece of bread;  
 But could not stay to pick a bit,  
 So whip'd a slice from of the spit;  
 Then pocketing both bread and roast,  
 Ran off to eat it at their post.  
 Before the sun brush'd up his lamp,  
 Idæus went to th' Grecian camp,  
 He found the chief, his friends, and brother,  
 Looking as wise at one another  
 As justices, when on the bench  
 They try some poor unlucky wench,  
 And make the jade at Bridewell yelp  
 For breeding brats without their help:  
 The bellman tinkl'd first his bell,  
 And then began his tale to tell.

Ye Grecian constables, I pray  
 Lend all your ears to what I say;  
 And from my soul I wish, to ease ye,  
 That ev'ry word I speak may please ye:  
 I wish our rogue and your d—d whore  
 Had both been drowned long before  
 This hubble bubble they had coin'd,  
 By getting both their giblets join'd.  
 I wish the brimstone's pepper'd tail  
 Was in the belly of that whale  
 That swallow'd Jonah, tho' the Jew  
 Had such rank flesh, he made him spew;

30 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

And I'm afraid this self-same whale,  
 After he'd swallow'd Nelly's tail,  
 Tho' plagny salt, would find it stale;  
 Therefore, like Jonah, on the main  
 Would come, to spew her up again;  
 And then some luckless country Will  
 Be plagu'd with her grimalking still.  
 But for all this, I'm bid to tell ye,  
 That Paris will not part with Nelly;  
 He finds her flesh so very sweet,  
 He swears he'll touch no other meat;  
 But says he'll give you ev'ry piece  
 Of money, that she brought from Greece;  
 And if he can but peace restore,  
 Will doubl' it ten times o'er and o'er:  
 But swears the wench sha'n't quit his hand,  
 So long as he can go or stand.  
 Next I'm to say, 'twill suit us well  
 To rest our weary limbs a spell,  
 That those who lie in honour's bed,  
 Whether knock'd down or knock'd o' th' head,  
 May be sought out, and when they're found,  
 Be decently put under ground;  
 And then with all our might and main,  
 If so ye like, we'll box again:  
 But who shall drub the other well,  
 The lord above can only tell.

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The Grecian chiefs, by what appears,  
Both cock'd their mouths, and prick'd their ears;  
But, like a modern bill in chancer's  
They took some time to give an answer.  
This did Tydides so provoke,  
He jump'd upon his legs and spoke:

Zooks! you would make a parson swear,  
To see ye all thus gape and stare!  
What signifies their money now,  
Tho' they would send the brimstone too?  
You see their wooden towers are shaken;  
Then what the pox can save their bacon;  
Let us but kick 'em out of doors,  
And the same men that shook their towers,  
Shall shake their daughters, wives, and whores.  
The Grecians shout their approbation  
Of this laconic bold oration.  
Atrides then the peace rejects,  
But sends to Priam his respects:

You hear, good Sir, the shouts of Greece  
Are to a man against this peace.  
As much as you all broils we hate,  
But think the peace *inadequate*:  
Yet tho' we can't agree to peace,  
I really think club-law should cease,  
That we may both sides look about,  
And try to find our dead men out;

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When your's are found, pray don't you think  
That they are dead because they stink;  
For ours that liv'd to run away,  
Stunk most confoundedly to-day;  
Therefore take care you turn and turn 'em,  
And shake 'em well before you burn 'em:  
I speak lest groundless fears should curb ye,  
For blast my eyes if we'll disturb ye.  
He then, to shew he meant 'em fair,  
Flourish'd his broomshaft in the air.  
On this the crier trots away  
To Troy, to tell 'em what they say.  
The Trojan boys were got together,  
Like flocks of birds in frosty weather,  
Thus gather'd on a heap he caught 'em,  
Waiting to hear what news he brought 'em.  
Finding there was no time to spare,  
He hemm'd to make his throttle clear;  
They instant leave him room to enter,  
And place him in the very center;  
From whence he with a crier's voice  
(Where words are mostly drown'd in noise)  
His speech deliver'd full as clear  
As any crier you shall hear:

The Grecian captains, from their tents,  
To Priam send their compliments;  
And tho' they can't consent to peace,  
They all desire club-law should cease:

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Cause then both parties might, they said,  
See if their dead men were all dead.

The Trojans upon this thought good  
To buy some loads of billet wood ;  
But to the Greeks no man would sell it,  
On which they thought 'twas best to fell it  
Without th' lord o' th' manor's leave,  
So instantly began to cleave ;  
But I can tell 'em, had they then  
Been caught by Justice F——d——g's men,  
Those true bred hounds would never drop 'em,  
Till they had seen his worship chop 'em.  
The sun had wash'd his fiery face,  
And greas'd his wheels to run his race,  
When Greeks and Trojans look about  
To find who'd got their brains knock'd out ;  
But neither side had time to weep,  
Till all were gather'd on a heap.  
The Trojans then to burning fall,  
And made one crying serve 'em all.  
The Grecians thought th' example good,  
So out they lugg'd their stolen wood ;  
Then laid the bodies in their places,  
And fell to making d——d wry faces.  
When they were burnt as black as coal,  
One lousy tombstone serv'd 'em all.  
This done, with might and main they fall  
To dig a ditch, and build a wall ;

## 34 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

For Nestor, who had still some cunning,  
 Guest, when the rascals took to running,  
 This wall might stop the Trojan fighters  
 From burning their old rotten lighters;  
 Upon the walls these Grecian powers  
 Erected what themselves call'd towers:  
 But in these days our modern doxies  
 Would call them hobbling watchmen's boxes.  
 Some baker's billets next they took,  
 The sharpen'd points did outward look,  
 The blunt end stuck in earth; and these  
 The Grecians call chevaux de frize;  
 But whilst they thus their labour kept on,  
 They rather discomfront'd Neptune;  
 As near to surly Jove he sat,  
 Brother, says he, I'll tell you what;  
 If Greece should finish yon mud wall,  
 And those I built for Troy should fall,  
 This wall will be remember'd longer,  
 Than those I built, tho' so much stronger.  
 This, by my soul, I shall not like!  
 Ha' done, says Jove, thou wrangling tike!  
 Thou admiral of the sea & let  
 A mortal work thy gullet fret;  
 I love that much; but cease to grumble,  
 These walls of mud shall quickly tumble.  
 No bantling that's unborn shall view  
 A stick of what they're doing now.

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Thy waves shall sap the bottom soon,  
Or drunken cits shall piss 'em down,  
When in a flaming one horse chair,  
They come to take the country air ;  
Where a round dozen pipes they funk,  
And then return to town dead drunk.  
Whilst thus they fratch'd, the Greeks were getting  
Just finish'd, as the sun was setting ;  
And then the hungry sons of whores  
Butcher'd their bulls and cows by scores ;  
The fat surloins on spits they put,  
But smoke their gods with tripe and gut.  
Just as they clapp'd 'em on their crupper  
To eat this great uncommon supper,  
They 'spy'd a lighter under sail,  
Loaded with beer and Burton ale,  
Which came i' th' nick to cheer their souls,  
And fill their empty skins and bowls ;  
Eunæus did the ale procure,  
For he was only small-beer brewer ;  
A cask of both sorts did he send  
A present for the king his friend ;  
The rest the Grecian captains bought,  
To pay for which, our author thought,  
Some pawn'd a shirt, and some a coat.  
In feasting all their cares were sunk,  
And ev'ry noble chief got drunk ;

But they had made a woeful blunder,  
 For Jove they pinch'd, who growl'd like thunder,  
 Which scar'd the drunken rogues so sore,  
 They spill'd their liquor on the floor;  
 And in the midst of all their airs,  
 Forgot their oaths to say their pray'rs,  
 And beg such coil he would not keep,  
 But let the maudlin knaves go sleep.

END OF BOOK VII.

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*J*OVE calls his under-strappers round him,  
 And in a dev'lish rage they found him.  
 Says he, I bad ye hither come,  
 To charge ye all to stay at home;  
 Go play at put, or loo, or brag,  
 But don't a single finger wag,  
 To help yond rascals that are scratching,  
 And, monkey like, each other scratching.  
 Whoe'er offends, observe me well,  
 I'll broil the scoundrel's ears in hell;  
 Yet did that scratching, kicking brim,  
 The jade Minerva, wheedle him,  
 In spite of this hot blust'ring fit,  
 To let her help the Greeks a bit  
 With good advice, lest they should fall  
 To running off for good and all.  
 No sooner had the mortal varlets  
 Began to squabble 'bout their barlots,  
 Bumping each others guts and sides,  
 When Jove away to Ida rides;  
 There borrowing C---x the grocer's scales,  
 He weighs,---The Trojan luck prevails.  
 On which, with thunder, hail, and rain,  
 He smok'd the Grecians off the plain.  
 Old Nestor only chose to stay,  
 Because he could not run away;  
 But Diomed soon brought him help,  
 And sav'd this queer old chatt'ring whelp.

Then Juno, ever restless, seeks  
 To make old Neptune help her Greeks;  
 Neptune, who knew the wheedling witch,  
 Answers her bluntly, No, you bitch.  
 Teucer comes next, his art to shew;  
 He shot a special good long bow:  
 But Hector stops the knave's career,  
 And sent him with a flea in's ear.  
 Pallas and Juno steal away  
 To help the Grecians in the fray:  
 But quickly Iris made 'em pack  
 To heaven in a hurry back.  
 Now whilst they sweat, the goddess Night  
 Jump'd up to part the bloody fight,  
 Altho', ere she could part 'em all,  
 The Greeks were drove behind their wall.  
 The Trojans burn good fires all night,  
 For fear the Grecians in their fright  
 Should think it proper, ere 'twas day,  
 To launch their boats, and run away.

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THE EIGHTH BOOK OF  
HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

AURORA was the skies adorning,  
Or in plain English, it was morning,  
When crusty Jove, who never tarry'd  
Long in his bed, for he was marry'd,  
Call'd all his counsellors of state  
Some weighty matters to debate,  
And whilst he to the supple gang,  
Like Harry\*, made a short harangue,  
They ey'd him all with fearful look,  
And their teeth chatter'd as he spoke.

\*Ye sniv'ling rogues with hanging looks,  
Ye cringing barons, earls, and dukes,

\* Harry the eighth.

Good heed to what I utter take ye,  
 Or by the living g—d I'll make ye :  
 Don't think, ye whelps, that ye shall find  
 Me fool enough to change my mind  
 For aught that you, or you, or you,  
 Or any whore or rogue can do ;  
 Therefore if any meddling knave  
 Attempts a single soul to save,  
 Or lend his help to either side,  
 Flux me if I don't tan his hide ;  
 He shall receive from some strong tar  
 Three dozen at the capstern bar ;  
 Or, in my furious wrath, pell-mell,  
 I'll kick the scoundrel down to hell ;  
 To red-hot brazen doors I'll hook him,  
 And, like a rat, with brimstone smoke him :  
 Join all together, if ye will,  
 And try your utmost strength and skill ;  
 As easily I can ye fouse  
 As nitty taylors crack a louse ;  
 But if you chuse with me to cope,  
 I'll let you down this good new rope ;  
 Hang at one end both great and small,  
 And add to that Westminster-Hall,  
 Judges and lawyers altogether :  
 This hand can lift 'em like a feather,  
 Tho' in that place I know 'tis said  
 They have a solid heavy head.

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'Twas thus the moody thund'rer spoke,  
 And all the crew like aspin shook:  
 Yet, for all this, that cunning jade  
 His bastard, by a chamber-maid,  
 (Altho', to hum his wife, he said  
 She jump'd one morning from his head)  
 Maugre his blust'ring and his strutting,  
 Ventur'd a word or two to put in,  
 Says Pallas, I am sure they are  
 Confounded stupid dogs that dare  
 Oppose your worship's will; such blocks  
 Ought to be flogg'd, or set i' th' stocks;  
 But don't be angry if I stickle  
 To help the Greeks in this sad pickle,  
 And tho' you'll lend us some hard knocks,  
 If we on either side should box,  
 Yet let Minerva's council, pray,  
 Advise 'em when to run away;  
 Else they may gaze and stare about  
 Till they get all their teeth knock'd out.

Old square-toes smil'd, and told the jade,  
 She need not be so much afraid,  
 For tho' he knew it did her good  
 To move and circulate her blood,  
 And therefore now-and-then might stir her,  
 Yet he'd a mighty kindness for her,  
 As ev'ry bastard-getting knave  
 That's marry'd, for their bastards have,

More than for children got in strife,  
 Upon their lawful scolding wife,  
 Then bid his nags, with hoofs of brass,  
 And sorrel manes, be fetch'd from grass:  
 These tits, one Friday afternoon,  
 Jove purchas'd of a Yorkshire loon  
 In Smithfield, with great care, and yet  
 Got most abominably bit;  
 Neither of those he laid his hand on  
 Had got a single foot to stand on.  
 When Vulcan saw his dad was bit,  
 He on a rare expedient hit,  
 And a most noble scheme it was,  
 To case their founder'd hoofs in brass:  
 Had he not found this way to do't,  
 Old Rumbler might have walk'd on foot,  
 As he had got no cash to spare  
 To go and buy another pair.  
 Soon as the geldings did approach,  
 He yok'd 'em to a flaming coach,  
 Which Vulcan made that very year,  
 The first was built for our lord mayor,  
 From which the god took his design;  
 And made it clumsy, strong, and fine,  
 Jove, with a hackney coachman's whip,  
 Soon made his batter'd geldings flip,  
 Whilst down the hill like smoke they run,  
 The god had plac'd himself upon  
 A three-legg'd stool they call'd a throne,

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Nor did his godship stay or stop,  
 Till he arriv'd on Ida's top;  
 There he forsook his coach to trudge it  
 On foot, but first from out the budget  
 He pull'd some hay, with which he feasts  
 His tits; good coachmen mind their beasts  
 Then turning, and about him looking,  
 He saw two priests his dinner cooking,  
 On which, a little time to kill,  
 He sat him down o' th' top o' th' hill;  
 But first he fixt o' th' edge o' th' slope  
 Hooper's reflecting telescope,  
 By which he saw, when pointed down,  
 All their rogues tricks within the town,  
 And turning it the least aside,  
 Their rogu'ry in the boats espy'd,  
 And found that both in boats and towers,  
 The men were rogues, and women whores.  
 And now the Greeks make wond'rous haste  
 To get their slaves, and break their fast;  
 They thought, to spit their malice fasting  
 Would look like rancour everlasting,  
 So never fail'd before a fight  
 Of something good to take a bite;  
 A special shift they oft would make,  
 With two full pounds of Havre-cake;  
 But did not, as our trainbands do,  
 Provide a bit for dinner too;

And pocket store of hard boil'd eggs,  
 With penny-rolls and chicken legs.  
 The Trojans too with nettle porridge  
 Had warm'd their stomachs and their courage,  
 And cautiously great care had taken  
 To line their guts with eggs & bacon.  
 The gates once open, out they rattle,  
 And men and horses smoke to battle;  
 Spread o'er the plain, and fill the roads  
 With fighting fellows by cart loads:  
 To work they fall like angry bulls,  
 And cudgels clash 'gainst empty skulls;  
 In streams the blood and snivel flows  
 From many a Grecian's snotty nose,  
 And many a trusty Trojan's too;  
 In such great show'rs the broomsticks flew.  
 A woeful lamentation spreads  
 From batter'd ribs and broken heads;  
 And tho' this fray began so soon,  
 It lasted all the morn till noon;  
 But when the mid-day sun prevails,  
 Jove borrows \* Cox the grocer's scales;

\* This man was a justice of the peace. Whilst his clerk was writing a mittimus to send a girl to Bridewell, for retailing her ware full measure for a shilling a turn, he had his own weights broke in pieces by the jury, and thrown into the street, for being short above two ounces in the pound.

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With steady hand th' old whoring boy  
 Balanc'd the fate of Greece and Troy.  
 This day the Grecian fortune fails,  
 Tho' weigh'd by these impartial scales;  
 Then instantly Joye's thunder roars,  
 And all their ale and porter fours;  
 Idomeneus would not stay,  
 And both Ajaces ran away:  
 Poor Agamemnon, parch'd with thirst,  
 Ran, tho' he did not run the first;  
 But sure the boldest hearts must sink  
 When they have nothing fit to drink:  
 Old Nestor only chose to stay,  
 Because he could not run away;  
 Paris had with resistless force  
 Hamstring'd his best flea-bitten horse;  
 Old Nestor fumbld at the braces,  
 And cut the ropes that serv'd for traces;  
 This the old Grecian scarce had done,  
 When Hector furiously came on,  
 And ten to one had been so civil  
 As send his square-toes to the devil;  
 But Diomed, who was no stranger  
 To Hector, saw th' old fellow's danger:  
 Forward he sprung, and call'd upon  
 Ulysses, who like wildfire run.  
 Pr'ythee, Ulysses, don't you fly  
 Amongst that mongrel heartless fry,

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For fear some Trojan thief should crack  
Your paper-skull behind your back:  
Nestor's in danger, stop and meet us,  
Or Hector gives him his quietus.  
Ulysses, when he heard that Nestor  
Was in a scrape, ran ten times faster;  
O'er the deep sand flew helter skelter,  
And leap'd on board his boat for shelter:  
Nor did the honest statesman grieve  
His brother in the lurch to leave;  
But Diomed, tho' he was gone,  
Ventur'd to help th' old cock alone.  
From off his cart a jump he took;  
Then stopp'd the horses whilst he spoke:

Old buff, says he, you well may gape,  
You're got into a curst scrape.  
This furious whelp, this Hector surely  
May smash your rotten bones securely:  
Thy horses are but slow and poor,  
Can't trot a mile in half an hour.  
Then haste, old boy, and mount my cart;  
I value Hector not a fart:  
Do you but guide the horses right,  
And if it comes to blows I'll fight;  
Mind but my nags, they'll run, by Mars,  
As if the de'el was at their arse;  
One misty day, when none could see us,  
We stole these horses from Aeneas;

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\* Yorkshire  
† Don Quix



Then leave thy shabby suits, don't mind 'em,  
Some of our straggling crew will find 'em;  
With these we'll let the Trojan meet us,  
We can but run, if he should beat us.

Old Nestor chuckled at his heart;  
To find his friend had brought his cart;  
Quickly, without or stay or stop,  
He made a shift to tumble up:  
His own old yaws<sup>\*</sup>, so lank and bare,  
He left to two skip-kennel's care,  
And care no doubt the backward ways  
They took, as skips do now-a-days.  
Old Nestor drove, for he was carter,  
Full speed to meet this Trojan tartar.

Tydidēs aim'd at Hector's crown;  
It miss'd, but brought his coachman down,  
Hector no nearer could approach  
For want of one to drive his coach;  
So whip'd behind, and for a siver  
He quickly hir'd another driver,  
One Archeptolemus arose,  
A coachman with a fine red nose;  
But Hector had no time to stay,  
So hir'd the rascal for the day,  
And now this Diomed would soon  
Have made the conqu'ring Trojans run  
Like sheep before the Spanish Don †.

\* Yorkshire word for horses.

† Don Quixote.

42 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

But Jove again began to growl,  
And thunder'd from his mustard \* bowl,  
Light'ning so near the Greek did pass,  
It sing'd his nose, and burnt the grass,  
The frighten'd nags began to prance,  
And Nestor dropt into a trance,  
But soon recover'd, and begun  
To chatter : Zoons ! says he, let's run ;  
To-day the thunder-clap director  
Swears he will fight for none but Hector ;  
So let's jog off ; perhaps he may  
Take Nestor's part another day ;  
But, spite of all our labour, still  
You know he will do what he will.

Says Diomed : Old grizle-beard,  
I suck in ev'ry word I've heard  
But what the pox will Hector say,  
If bold Tydides runs away ?  
Rot me, before it shall be said  
I ran for't, he shall break my head.

Nestor replies : O sad ! O sad !  
The man is surely drunk or mad !  
Why what the plague can Hector say  
He never made you run away :  
That whelp is sensible enough,  
You've dusted many a Trojan's buff ;

\* They made thunder formerly at the play-houses in a great mustard bowl.

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But the most wicked sons of plunder  
With lightning dare not fight, nor thunder.

(He said no more, but crack'd his whip,  
And gave the Trojan chief the flip;  
The horses run along the coast,  
As fast as country priests ride post,  
When death, assisted by good liquor,  
Has seiz'd some neighb'ring guzzling vicar:

The Trojans shout, as well they might,  
To see them in such hellish fright:

When Hector calls to Diomed,

You've special heels in time of need;

For this th' Argives will give their chief

For his own share a rump of beef.

Tho' Hector's self you dare not face,

You beat him hollow in the race;

I find you are, when blows you're shunning,

The devil of a hand at running.

You see to what your bragging comes;

You shake our walls! you kiss our bums:

Tho' yet, perhaps, I'll dust your coat

Before you reach your crazy boat.

The Grecian bully could not bear  
Such cutting kind of jokes to hear.

Thrice the bold chief his horses stopp'd,

And thrice the bold proposal dropp'd;

For Thunder, in the shape of Fear,

Whisper'd the warrior in the ear:

For what the devil should you stay?  
 I'm sure if you don't run away,  
 You'll get your hide well drubb'd to-day.

This council by the chief was taken,  
 Who smok'd along and sav'd his bacon.  
 Great Hector, with no little glee,  
 The lightning saw as well as he,  
 But to his sense each thunder crack  
 Felt like a chearing clap o' th' back;

Then to his trusty Trojans spoke:  
 Ye backs of steel, and hearts of oak,  
 Remember what our grandames tell us,  
 That all our dads were clever fellows,  
 And not a man but what would scorn  
 To flinch from duty night and morn;  
 Therefore dismiss all needless fears,  
 Because Jove's rumbling thunder swears  
 We now shall lug the Grecians ears.  
 Advance then quick, we'll surely end 'em;  
 Yon muddy walls shall ne'er defend 'em.  
 Soon as we've drove them down their hatches,  
 Lug out your tinder-box and matches,  
 And strike a light; we first will swinge 'em  
 With broomstaves, then with links we'll singe 'em.

He spoke; and bid his horses go  
 In words like these, Gee up! gee ho!  
 Ball, Jolly, Driver, hi; gee hi!  
 Old Dobbing, zoons! why don't you fly?

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Perform your journey well this day,  
You ne'er shall want both corn and hay.  
You know my dame, when I return,  
Is always ready with your corn;  
You're sure good measure there will be,  
No cheating offser keeps the key;  
Run till I catch that Diom's buff coat,  
Or Nestor's potlid and his rough coat.  
Gain me but these before ye tire,  
And then I'll set their boats on fire.

This Juno heard, that scolding witch,  
And gave her buttocks such a twitch,  
It shook her three-legg'd milking-stool,  
Which shook the stars from pole to pole.

Neptune! says she, I vow and swear  
To me it seems a little queer  
That you should see those Grecians beaten,  
Whose vict'als you so oft have eaten,  
Those Greeks by whom you're daily fed  
With bullocks liver and sheeps head.

Both Egæ and Helice too  
An ordinary keep for you,  
And stuff your guts three times a week  
With fry'd cow-heel and bak'd ox-cheek,  
At their own proper charge and cost;  
Yet you sit still and see 'em lost.  
Would their own gods take heart and stand,  
With all my soul I'd lend a hand;

Nor could that cross-grain'd surly elf,  
My precious husband, help himself,  
But whilst he saw the Trojans tumble,  
Sit still and hear his own guts grumble.

The water god, in great surprize,  
First shakes his noddle, then replies;  
I ken your jade's trick mighty well,  
You'd have me like yourself rebel;  
But I know better, you're his wife,  
And therefore may rebel for life;  
Wives for rebellion plead old custom,  
And they will keep it up I trust 'em:  
We're sensible 'tis nothing more  
Than what their mothers did before,  
Content I'll keep the way I'm in,  
And slumber in a whole calf's skin.

And now the mighty mob of Troy,  
By Hector led, the Greeks annoy,  
Close by the ditch they threat'ning stand,  
With flaming hedge-stakes in their hand,  
Poor Agamemnon, in a fit  
Of fear, was very nigh besh—t;  
But Juno help'd him with a touch  
To some small courage, though not much;  
He ran, and carry'd in his hand  
The royal ensign of command,  
An old red flannel petticoat,  
That once belong'd a dame of note,

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But happening in her trade to fail,  
Atrides bought it at her sale;  
The back part and the sides, to view,  
Appear'd almost as good as new;  
But notwithstanding all her care,  
The breadth before was worn thread bare;  
Mounted upon Ulysses' boat,  
He wav'd this flaming petticoat,  
And thus began to tune his throat;  
But roar'd so loud, and was so scar'd,  
Both Ajax and Ulysses heard,  
Tho' separated by the fleet,  
'Tis thought, at least five hundred feet:

O all ye Grecian paltry dogs!  
(The vessels echo'd back, damn'd rogues)  
Where are your mighty boasts at dinner  
'Gainst Troy? each single Greek would win her!  
Whilst your ungodly guts ye fill,  
You all look fierce as Bobadil,  
Now I'm convinc'd each single glutton,  
If Troy's strong walls were made of mutton,  
Would eat his way into the town,  
And quickly pull their houses down;  
Yet now tho' driv'n on a heap,  
Dare all as well be d——d as peep  
Across the ditch to look at Hector,  
Who will in less, as I conjecture,

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Than half an hour quite o'erturn us,  
And in our rotten scullers burn us ;  
O Jupiter ! whose strength is mickle,  
Was ever man in such a pickle !  
My limbs impair'd with claps and pox,  
And curst with rogues that dare not box ;  
But they, the battle once begun,  
Don't stoutly fight, but stoutly run ;  
For thee I've broil'd ten thousand cuts  
Of bullocks hearts and pecks of guts,  
Then only ask'd a slender boon,  
Leave to demolish that damn'd town :  
But since you won't give leave, we pray  
You'll let us drub the dogs to-day,  
Just to get time to run away.

Thus roar'd the king in doleful dumps,  
Then on the sandy shore he jumps,  
To hear this melancholy ditty,  
Jove could not help a little pity ;  
From off his three-legg'd stool he starts up,  
And sent a sign to chear their hearts up ;  
Behold a hungry carrion crow,  
Had got within his beak or claw  
A frog, but some way out it popp'd,  
And 'mongst the hungry Grecians dropp'd,  
To Frenchmen this, instead of beating,  
Had been a sign of rare good eating ;

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They would have jump'd, if from the bogs,  
 The crows had brought ten thousand frogs;  
 It even rais'd the Grecians courage,  
 More than a bellyful of porridge;  
 They on a sudden turn about,  
 And strive who first shall fall out;  
 That bullying, noisy, scolding bitch  
 Call'd Diomed, first leap'd the ditch,  
 And dealt such furious strokes to rout 'em:  
 He made the Trojans look about 'em.  
 The first that ply'd his heels to run  
 Was Agelaus, Phradmon's son,  
 A noted broker in the alley,  
 He saw this furious Grecian fall;  
 On which he nimbly limp'd along,  
 As brokers do when things go wrong;  
 But the bold Grecian mark'd him soon,  
 And with a broomstick fetch'd him down;  
 This Diom. had a wond'rous knack  
 Of hitting folks behind their back,  
 As down he rumbl'd in a sweat,  
 His potlid and his noddle met;  
 And made between him such a hum,  
 It sounded like a kettle drum;  
 Now that a passage once was made,  
 The Greeks, tho' woefully afraid,  
 Seem'd quite asham'd to let that elf,  
 Tydides, box it by himself,

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On which th' Atridae shew'd their faces,  
 And after them the bold Ajaces:  
 Meriones was next, and then  
 Appear'd the bruiser Idomen;  
 Ulysses thrust his long neck out,  
 To peep with caution round about  
 And saw all safe, so ventur'd out,  
 Which when the archer Teucer saw,  
 He ventur'd to bring out his bow,  
 Then with a gimblet bor'd a hole  
 Through Ajax' potlid, whence he stole  
 A peep to see what kind of spark  
 Stood most convenient for his mark;  
 On which he shot a dart, and plump  
 Behind the targe again did jump.  
 Thus rats and mice, by danger prest,  
 Skip nimbly back into their nest:  
 And honest Ajax lugg'd, in troth,  
 A potlid big enough for both.  
 My dear, M<sup>rs</sup> Muse, pray let us know,  
 Who tumbld first by this long bow;  
 I will my ragged friend, says she,  
 Because you ask so prettily.  
 Orsiloehus, a friend to Venus,  
 First fell, and after him Ormenus.  
 One kept a dram-shop in the Strand,  
 T'other fold cloaths at second hand

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In Monmouth street, where if you've been Sir,  
You must have heard him cry, Walk in Sir;  
Then Lycophron a taylor fell,  
And went to mend old cloaths in hell;  
Unlucky dog! the fates did twist his  
Small thread of life with Ophelestes,  
A button-maker, who was shot,  
And then poor Chromius went to pot;  
Scarce was he down upon his back,  
When Dacer fell with such a whack,  
Upon his ribs, it made 'em crack,  
This Dacer was a penny barber,  
That us'd both whores and rogues to harbour;  
So got his living within doors,  
By shaving culls and curling whores;  
Bold Hamopaon next he handles,  
A famous maker of wax candles;  
Altho' of late he grew but shallow,  
And mixt his wax with stinking tallow;  
Fierce Melenippus could not keep  
His feet, but tumbl'd on the heap;  
He in the Borough kept a slop shop,  
Exactly o'er against a hop shop;  
From Teucer's bow an arrow pops,  
And bump'd his guts through all his slops.  
Besides all these, this spawn of whore  
Reports he fell'd a dozen more;

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But I can't think much credit's due  
To one that shoots so long a bow.

When Agamemnon saw this whelp  
Knocking folks down without his help,  
He jump'd and skipp'd, and cry'd, Huzza!  
I wish, my boy, that ev'ry day  
You'd shewn us this same sort of play,  
Of mighty service it had been  
To keep the Grecians breeches clean,  
Since thou can'st shoot with such a smack,  
Well may thy good old daddy crack,  
Than his true-born he loves thee more,  
Because thy mother was a whore;  
He quickly saw thy early worth,  
And from the foundling brought thee forth;  
Where hadst thou staid, thou'dst been a taylor,  
Or else a blacksmith, or a nailor;  
But proud to find he'd such a son,  
He paid the charge and brought thee home.  
Now hear a Brentford monarch speak:  
If Troy should tumble down next week,  
First for myself, you may be sure,  
I shall provide a buxom whore,  
Or three or four, or happen more;  
But when my proper share is reckon'd,  
Depend upon't, you shall be second.  
Besides a noble piece of gold,  
And twenty shillings three times told,

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I'll answer that the sons of Greece  
Will let you chuse the next best piece.

The youth replies, I would have you, Sir,  
Know that your bribes are lost on Tencer;  
I neither fight for ale or cake,  
But drub the dogs for mischief's sake;  
I hate the Trojans, and would eat 'em,  
Was there no other way to beat 'em;  
Eight darts I sent, and aim'd 'em full  
At bully Hector's knotty scull;  
They hit eight sons of whores, 'tis granted,  
But Hector was the whore's bird wanted,  
Some damn'd old Lapland witch incog;  
Defends that blustering Trojan dog.

Just as the words were out, he strait  
Let fly again at Hector's pate,  
Again the arrow mist its mark,  
But hit another Trojan spark,  
Gorgythio call'd, of royal blood;  
Old Priam got him when he could  
Stand stiffly to't, then all on fire a  
He kiss'd his mother Castianira,  
And got this youth, as fine a boy  
As ever broke a lamp in Troy.  
Have you not at the taylor's feast,  
Beheld by chance a weak-brain'd guest,  
Who is to drink no longer able,  
But rests his head upon the table;

Just so this luckless lad did rest  
 His heavy nob upon his breast :  
 Another dart this spark hap-hazard  
 Let fly once more at Hector's mazzard ;  
 It mist, which made the Greek conjecture  
 Apollo turn'd the shaft from Hector,  
 Altho' it did not miss so far,  
 But brought the driver off the car,  
 Poor Archeptolemus's jaws,  
 The coachman with the copper nose  
 It hit ; his leather jacket rumbl'd  
 So loud, as on the ground he tumbld,  
 That all the horses in the cart  
 Could not refrain a sudden start ;  
 When Hector saw his coachman fall,  
 It vext his liver, guts, and all,  
 Cebriones, a country lout,  
 By chance was gaping round about,  
 To him the bully Hec. calls out ;  
 Here, you sir, come and drive this cart,  
 And if you find the horses start,  
 Keep a tight hand and proper check,  
 Or else, by Jove, they'll break your neck.  
 Then out he jumps, and stooping down,  
 Took up a fine Scotch paving stone ;  
 Just as the Grecian's bow was bent,  
 Hector this hard Scotch paving sent  
 With such a force, it broke the bow,  
 And snap'd the catgut string in two,

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Then smack'd his guts with such a thump,  
 He fell'd him flat upon his rump;  
 Alastor and Mecisteus bore him,  
 And Ajax clapt his potlid o'er him,  
 In this condition, all besh—t,  
 They lugg'd him to the Grecian fleet.  
 And now old father Jove, we find,  
 Began to think he'd chang'd his mind  
 Too soon, on which he fac'd about,  
 To help the drooping Trojans out,  
 The Greeks again forfook the fray,  
 And like brave fellows ran away:  
 Hard at their tails bold Hector keeps,  
 And drives them into th' ditch on heaps,  
 Pelted their Dutch-made heavy rumps,  
 And ply'd 'em off with kicks and thumps.  
 Thus I a farmer's cur have seen,  
 When sheep are driven o'er the green,  
 A constant waughing does he keep,  
 But only bites the hindmost sheep,  
 Thus did this fiery son of Mars  
 Lend the last knave a kick o' th' a—e;  
 And now, when out of breath for haste,  
 With loss of men the ditch they'd past,  
 These fighting fellows, all so stout,  
 Just made a shift to turn about;  
 There they saw Hector's cart-wheels reach  
 The very edge of this great ditch,

And there he stood the Grecians fright'ning  
 So much, they swore his eyes were light'ning.  
 Some of their wise old foakers said  
 His noddle was a Gorgon's head;  
 But one deep-learn'd north-country elf  
 Swore 'twas the muckle de'el himself,  
 For oft' before his face he'd seen,  
 And ken'd him by his sawcer eyne,  
 Juno, whose nose was mighty tickle,  
 Soon smelt their most unsavory pickle,  
 And calling out to Pallas, cries,  
 Smite my black muff, and blast my eyes,  
 If all my patience is not gone  
 To see the Grecians so run down;  
 Help me to save 'em now or never,  
 Or else the dogs are lost for ever,  
 But how, we scarce have time to think;  
 Smell you not how the rascals stink?  
 Gods! shall one scoundrel do this evil,  
 And drive such numbers to the devil?  
 That son of a damn'd Trojan bitch,  
 See how she scares them 'cross the ditch,  
 Pallas replies, I see as well  
 As yon or any one can tell  
 What yon infernal rascal's doing;  
 But how to save our rogues from ruin  
 I can't devise, your surly mate  
 Won't let me break that Hector's pate;

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In vain to crack his skull I strive,  
 Your Jove will neither lead nor drive,  
 Th' immortal rogues forget as soon  
 As mortal rogues a favour done :  
 To me he came, and made great moan,  
 Begging that I would save his son,  
 The mighty kill-cow Hercules,  
 A clumsier dog one seldom sees ;  
 And yet the thief, with rare hard sweating,  
 Cost him three days and nights in getting.  
 I whipp'd me down to lend him help,  
 And often sav'd the clumsy whelp ;  
 But had I known his dad so well,  
 When last he took a trip to hell,  
 His journey should have been in vain,  
 I ne'er had help'd him back again :  
 The stumbling block that lay i' th' way  
 To hinder his return to day,  
 I'd have been stuck before I'd lift it,  
 But left the devil and him to shift it :  
 I've a good mind to go and beat his  
 Beloved minx, that goody Thetis ;  
 If e'er again she strokes his thighs,  
 I'll give the brimstone two black eyes ;  
 To humour her curst bastard's freaks,  
 He'll quite demolish all our Greeks ;  
 When it's too late, this face of gallows  
 Will call me his beloved Pallas.

Zounds ! don't stand here to wink and pink,  
But get your chariot in a twink ;  
Spite of the thund'rer and his punk,  
We'll make those Trojan scoundrels funk ;  
Let us but land upon the shore,  
Hector will hector then no more ;  
When I and Juno come to fight 'em,  
The devil's in't if we can't fright 'em ;  
And ten to one, but in a crack,  
We'll lay this Broughton on his back,  
But if, in spite of all our cracks,  
He lays us both upon our backs,  
As things go now the swagg'ring devil  
Will scarce have time to be uncivil ;  
And if he has, his whoring sconce  
Can only trim us one at once,  
So whilst one gets her business done,  
The other will have time to run.  
Her voice then ceas'd thro' rage and spleen,  
Whilst Jove's eternal scolding queen  
Lent the poor Trojans fifty curses,  
Before she went to fetch her horses ;  
But yet, tho' pinch'd for time, took pains  
To tie red ribbands to their manes :  
When Pallas instantly threw down  
Her dag'led petticoat and gown,  
Nor staid to fold her ragged placket,  
But whipp'd her on a buff-skin jacket

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So glaz'd with greafe all o'er the stitches,  
 It shin'd like Ashley's greasy breeches.  
 Upon the car she took her stand,  
 And shook a broomstaff in her hand,  
 So large, that tye a proper heap  
 Of broom o' th' end on't, it would sweep  
 All London streets, I'm pretty sure,  
 Quite clean in less than half an hour,  
 And sowse into the Thames drive all  
 The rubbish, aldermen and all.  
 Juno soon got upon the box,  
 And drives the geldings with a pox,  
 The hours, as they had done before,  
 Stood on the watch to ope the door;  
 Eager to crack poor Hector's crown,  
 They gallop'd neck or nothing down;  
 But Jove, who kept a sharp look out,  
 Saw what the brimstones were about,  
 On which he calls for Kitty Iris:  
 Kitty, says he, my pluck on fire is,  
 And every toe about me itches  
 To have a kick at yon damn'd bitches,  
 Because so impudently they  
 My strict commands dare disobey:  
 Fly, meet the brimstones both, and tell 'em  
 A thousand fathom deep I'll fell 'em,  
 Kill both their nags, and break their wheels,  
 And tye the beldames neck and heels,

And, spite of all that they can say,  
 Whether they scold, or swear, or pray,  
 Expose their brawny bums together  
 For ten long years to wind and weather,  
 Where every passenger that comes  
 Shall take a flap at both their bums;  
 But speak you to Minerva first,  
 Because, at present, she's the worst;  
 As for my rib, tho' shame to tell,  
 She pleads old custom to rebel:  
 But now I mind her noise no more  
 That Fielding minds a scolding whore.  
 On this the rainbow goddess strides  
 Her broomshaft, and away she rides,  
 (By Homer's own account we find  
 At any time she'd beat the wind)  
 She met the chariot on the slope,  
 Plague on you both, says Iris, stop:

"Such foolish journeys why begin ye?

"Jove thinks the devil must be in ye;

"And so do I: he bid me tell ye,

"A thousand fathom deep he'll fell ye,

"Kill both your nags, and break your wheels,

"And tie ye by the neck and heels,

"And, spite of all that you can say,

"Whether you scold, or swear, or pray,

"Expose your brawny bums together,

"For ten long years to wind and weather,

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" Where every passenger that comes,  
 " Shall take a slap at both your bums;  
 " To you, Minerva, I speak first,  
 " Because he thinks you're now the worst;  
 " As for his rib, 'tis shame to tell,  
 " She pleads old custom to rebel;  
 " But much he wonders what bewitches  
 " Your busy pate, you bitch of bitches\*.  
 Like light'ning then away she flew;  
 Her speech tho' made 'em both look blue:  
 They star'd like honest Johnny Wade,  
 When he one evening with the maid  
 A game at pushpin had begun,  
 And madam came before he'd done:  
 But Juno, tho' her guts and mazard  
 Work'd like a guile-fat, yet no hazard  
 She chose to run, so curb'd her swell,  
 And seem'd to take it mighty well,  
 But could not help from wrig'ling hard,  
 Like mother \* \* \* \*, when a card

\* The reader, perhaps, may think I make Iris abuse the goddesses of wisdom too much in the Billingsgate style, but if he will peruse Homer, he will find Iris ten times more abusive in Greek, than I could make her in English.—Homer, l. 8. lin. 423. *Διὸς ἱερὰν Κρον ἄδδαις*.—This part of Iris's abuse is not in commission from Jove, it naturally arises from the petulant malignity of the messenger. Gentle reader, if you would avoid endless quarrels, never employ an ill-natured female to deliver an angry message to one of her own sex; for it must be a very angry message indeed, that a woman cannot make an addition to.

Goes very cross, and cuts her soul  
By losing a fans prendre vole.

“ Our rage, my crony, with a pox,  
“ Has brought us in a damn'd wrong box;  
“ I've just found out, it strange and odd is,  
“ That each of us, a powerful goddess,  
“ Should with our crusty thund'rer squabble,  
“ And all for what, a mortal rabble;  
“ E'en let 'em live with custard cramm'd,  
“ Or die all placemen and be damn'd;  
“ Let Jove give victory, or rout 'em,  
“ No more I'll fret my guts about 'em.”

On this she gave her tits a smack,  
And pull'd the reins to keep 'em back,  
But all the while they turn'd 'em, she  
Kept crying gee, plague rot ye, gee;  
When they were fairly turn'd about,  
Full speed once more the tits set out,  
And gallop'd up the hill as soon  
Within an ace as they came down:  
The hours unloos'd 'em, rubb'd their coats,  
And gave 'em half a peck of oats,  
Then fetch'd clean straw to make their bed,  
And put the chariot in a shed;  
Whilst the two brims, with bashful faces,  
Sneak'd off, and went to take their places;  
And now old Jove was tir'd of Ida,  
And up to heaven he took a ride-a;

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But drove his geldings with such ire,  
For want of grease his wheels took fire,  
Lest they should burn the horses bums,  
In a great splutter Neptune comes  
With an old sail he call'd his fish-clout,  
Which serv'd for table cloth and dish-clout,  
Th' old soaker in an instant reels out,  
And smothers both the burning wheels out,  
Away walk'd Jove, and took his seat  
I' th' hall where all their godships meet,  
But with such weight he mov'd his toe,  
It made an earthquake here below,  
And in a wicked Popish town  
Tumbl'd a hundred convents down,  
And sent inquisitors and fryers,  
With shoals of other holy liars,  
Smoothly, without a single rub,  
To see their patron Belzebub,  
Into whose territory's tho'  
They all were certain they must go,  
Yet at that time you may be sure  
They thought it rather premature;  
But to the point; like our lord mayor,  
With solemn phiz, Jove took the chair;  
Juno and Pallas in the hall  
Both look'd as if they'd something stole,  
They squinted up, and saw he frown'd,  
So whipp'd their eyes upon the ground,

And seem'd as gravely to be list'ning  
 As harlots at a country christ'ning:  
 He smil'd to find this lucky push  
 For once had made the brimstones blush;  
 So instantly began to chatter;  
 Juno and Pallas, what's the matter?  
 What made ye both return so soon?  
 I thought you'd ta'en a trip to town  
 To pull some bawdy houses down,  
 For Juno's sake, who can't endure  
 The sight of either rogue or whore,  
 And therefore I expected soon  
 To see the bagnios tumbling down,  
 And noseless rogues eat up with pox,  
 And whores in nothing but their smocks,  
 Running, like devils, helter skelter  
 To wine and brandy shops for shelter:  
 Pray give me leave tho' to enquire,  
 Is Troy demolish'd, or on fire?  
 But know, ye vixens, I shall make  
 Your grumbling guts and gizzards ake,  
 If e'er again ye dare to fratch  
 With him who is your overmatch,  
 For all the underlings o' th' sky  
 When I begin to kick must fly,  
 Therefore, I say, beware your mazzards,  
 And run no more such foolish hazards;

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If my enchanted wand I shake,  
 You'll feel your guts and livers quake :  
 Whoever dares my wrath oppose,  
 With red-hot tongues I'll pinch his nose,  
 And make him caper, roar, and snivel  
 As great St. Dunstan did the devill  
 The moment that he did begin  
 This speech, the gypsies dropt their chin,  
 And e're he made an end o' th' song,  
 Their faces grew a full yard long ;  
 But yet their comfort was, that all  
 The race of whoring Troy would fall :  
 Pallas so much with wrath was gor'd,  
 She could not speak a single word ;  
 But Juno's passion was so strong  
 She could not hold her noisy tongue,  
 So scolding at her usual rate,  
 She thus attack'd her loving mate :

You know you're stronger far than all us,  
 Or else such names you durst not call us,  
 But split me if I don't believe  
 You swinge the Greeks to make us grieve ;  
 'Tis not strict justice guides your rod,  
 'Tis contradiction all, by g—d,  
 And yet you can pretend that no man  
 Is half so positive as woman ;  
 But 'tis a base invented fiction,  
 Man taught poor woman contradiction :

For Greece you sit and see us grieve,  
 And wo'n't an inch of comfort give;  
 By your cross surly face we're snubb'd,  
 And forc'd to see the Grecians drubb'd;  
 But let us give 'em council fit,  
 Or every soul will be besh---t.

To Jove she chatter'd at this rate,  
 And thus reply'd old surly pate:  
 Vulcan my thunderbolts is bright'ning,  
 And store of rosin's ground for light'ning \*;  
 Therefore to-morrow morn with thunder  
 I'll scare 'em so, you need not wonder  
 If half the ragged sons of bitches,  
 With downright fear bepiss their breeches,  
 Nor let your restless gizzards grumble  
 Tho' you see dozens of 'em tumble;  
 Hector sha'n't cease o' th' bum to kick 'em,  
 Or with his old cheese-toaster stick 'em,  
 Till he shall lay his luckless paws  
 Across Pelides' fav'rite's jaws;  
 Then in a passion shall Achilles  
 Fight like a devil; such my will is:  
 Nor shall it alter, tho' you stay  
 And scold for ever and a day,  
 To Lapland go, where witches dwell,  
 Or Strombello, the mouth of Hell,

\* They make lightening at the play-house with rosin  
 pounded very small, and thrown through the flame of a  
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There arm both conjurors and witches,  
I'll smoke the dogs, and burn the bitches.

Mean time the sun, with phiz so bright,  
Walk'd off, and up came Madam Night:  
The Grecians thought her mighty civil;  
The Trojans wish'd her at the devil:  
But as the Greeks were forc'd to yield,  
The bully Trojans kept the field;  
Hector, resolv'd the dogs to maul,  
Doth instantly a council call,  
That he might have their sanction to  
Perform what he design'd to do,  
A trick, I've heard some people say,  
Our gen'als practice to this day;  
But as the Grecians lay so near,  
That they perhaps his speech might hear,  
He led 'em to Scamander's banks,  
Where down they sat to ease their shanks;  
His quarterstaff in his right hand  
He fixt, to help to make him stand,  
On which he lean'd when he thought fit,  
(You know a speaker ne'er should sit  
Till his oration's at an end,  
Whether they do or not attend):  
This staff, which he in battle bore,  
Was three yards long, or rather more,  
With bladders ty'd each end thereon,  
To scare folks as he knock'd 'em down.

Forward the chief his body bends,  
 Like Gl-v-er, and began, My friends,  
 If you will yield me due attention,  
 Some thoughts that just occur, I'll mention:  
 This day we hop'd the Grecian boats  
 To burn, and steal their thread-bare coats;  
 But, to our great and grievous sorrow,  
 We cannot do it till to-morrow,  
 Because that blackguard, Mrs. Night,  
 Came in, and drove away the light;  
 Howe'er 'tis fit, by beat of drum,  
 To let her know we see she's come,  
 And that, come when she will, it's proper  
 For thinking men to think of supper;  
 After we've eat our cheese and bread,  
 Let all men see their horses fed,  
 For never was that ostler born  
 That would not cheat 'em of their corn  
 Unless you keep a sharp look out;  
 And I, depend upon't, will do't:  
 The town will send us in, of course,  
 Both provender for man and horse;  
 To stop our drunken knaves from sleeping,  
 A thousand bonfires let us keep in;  
 These fires will shine as bright as day,  
 And then the Greeks can't run away;  
 But if they do, the rogues shall find most  
 Confounded doings for the hindmost;

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For should they pop away i' th' dark,  
 We'll give 'em every man a mark,  
 Such as may last each man his life,  
 To shew his roaring brats and wife,  
 And warn thid thieving sons of Tartars  
 How they again beat up our quarters;  
 Next to the town, if you think well,  
 We'll send the bellman with his bell,  
 Who with his rusty voice may call  
 The hobbling watchmen to the wall:  
 And to prevent all needless frights,  
 Let the old women hang out lights,  
 Lest, whilst the shades of night are on us,  
 The Grecians steal a march upon us,  
 And slyly entering the town,  
 Trim all our wives both up and down:  
 To-night these orders are enough,  
 To-morrow we will work their buff:  
 I've a great notion that we may  
 Drive these infernal rogues away,  
 Or tie the rascals to a stake fast  
 To give our dogs and cats a breakfast,  
 Therefore this single night let's watch,  
 And when the morning streaks you catch,  
 Get all the link-boys you can hire,  
 And set their huts and boats on fire;  
 Then shall myself and Diomed  
 Decide whose nose shall soonest bleed,

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And whose propitious fate prevails,  
When weigh'd in Justice Cox's scales,  
Soon as to-morrow's dawn appears,  
I'll dust his cap about his ears;  
This good oak stick shall crack his crown,  
And knock his rogues by dozens down:  
As sure as I perform this task,  
May I obtain whatever I ask;  
With my lord mayor to dine on Sundays,  
Or common council men on Mondays,  
To cram my guts with tart and custard,  
And goose, with apple-sauce and mustard,  
Or guttle down six pound of turtle,  
And drink the glorious and immortal  
In joy thus eat, or fast in sorrow,  
As I shall drub the rogues to-morrow.

He ceas'd, and all the captains praise  
This noble speech with three huzzas;  
After they'd loos'd from off the yoke  
The horses, wet with sweat and smoke,  
And ty'd, to keep their nags apart,  
Each sit behind his owner's cart;  
Then came fat bacon from the town,  
With bread, but ev'ry loaf was brown,  
And a good stock of mild and stale,  
Tho' not one cask of Yorkshire ale:  
The vict'als they began to cook,  
But for their gods, to make a smoke,

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They bought some guts, but all that night  
 Their godships had no appetite,  
 Puff'd the smoke from them in a sputter,  
 And quarrel'd with their bread and butter:  
 Juno, that fratching quean, pretended  
 Her sense of smelling was offended;  
 Jove said he felt a queerish funk,  
 And Pallas swore the guts all stunk;  
 Thus did Troy find, to all their cost,  
 A very handsome supper lost,  
 Tho' their great courage did not drop,  
 Because good liquor kept it up.  
 As when a show'r in London streets,  
 By rubbish thrown a stoppage meets,  
 A ragged blackguard with his link  
 Attends your steps across the sink,  
 The link directs you where to get  
 To save your shoes from dirt and wet;  
 So, by the help of blazing fires,  
 You'd see the Trojan's wooden spires;  
 And twice five hundred fires as bright  
 As those that grace the annual night  
 That sav'd us from the powder plot,  
 These roaring sons of Troy had got;  
 Each fire did fifty Trojans view,  
 So drunk, they laid 'em down to spew:  
 The horses shew their cart-horse breeding,  
 And kick each other whilst they're feeding.

END OF BOOK VIII.

# A R G U M E N T.

*THIS book begins with Atreus' son  
 Persuading all his Greeks to run;  
 Let's haste, says he, and save our lives,  
 And like good husbands kiss our wives;  
 For if we stay, be sure Old Nick  
 Will play us some damn'd slipp'ry trick;  
 Nor hope the sooty-fac'd old boy  
 Will e'er desert his fav'rite Troy.  
 At this fine speech Tydides swore  
 Worse than he'd ever done before,  
 And spoke his mind, because he reckon'd  
 Old Chatterbags would be his second:  
 Here he was right, th' old cock begun,  
 And d—d his eyes if he would run:  
 They then consult to know which way  
 They can with any safety stay.  
 Old Square-toes in the humour still is  
 To try and reconcile Achilles;  
 Then adds, I think it not amiss is  
 To send both Ajax and Ulysses.  
 As he propos'd, they both are sent,  
 And with them goody Phoenix went.  
 Now, tho' it plain appears, that each  
 Made in his turn a pretty speech,  
 And did with as much cunning plead  
 As \* \* \* \* \*, when he's double feed,  
 Achilles turn'd it all to farce,  
 And clapp'd his hand upon his a—*

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THE NINTH BOOK

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# HOMER'S ILIAD.

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## BOOK IX.

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**W**HILST Troy's bold sons with shouts  
get drunk,

The conquer'd Grecians sweat and sunk;

As when a taylor's boy has got

His master's goose, almost red hot,

The coat it singes; strait the fire

The bloody taylor fills with ire;

He thumps the lad with all his might,

First with his left hand, then his right:

The bastard's head, on both sides beat,

Can neither stay, nor yet retreat,

No chance for his escape appears,

Whilst double storms attack his ears:

Just so it far'd with Greece; away  
 They could not run, nor durst they stay:  
 Poor Agamemnon was distrest  
 Nine times as much as all the rest,  
 (You'll say, perhaps, how could he chuse,  
 For he'd nine times as much to lose)  
 Howe'er he calls his man to send him  
 To beg the captains would attend him;  
 But charges him before he goes  
 To bid 'em tread upon their toes:  
 As they were bid, they found their legs,  
 But walk'd as if they trod on eggs:  
 Their near approach the chief espying,  
 Rose up to shew 'em he was crying;  
 And e're his doleful tale began,  
 He sobb'd and blubber'd like a man;  
 They found him in this piteous case,  
 Tears running down his dirty face;  
 So when retention's lost, there steals  
 A salt stream down th' old lady's heels.

At length he spoke: Good lack-a-day!  
 In these hard times what can we say?  
 Of Jove we all complain with justice,  
 For in his royal word no trust is:  
 The oracles of wise Apollo  
 Have likewise been a little hollow;  
 Betwixt 'em both we're finely nick'd,  
 And get most tightly thump'd and kick'd:

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They promis'd we our fobbs should cram,  
 But now you see 'tis all a sham;  
 For Jove, if ever he design'd  
 To do us good, has chang'd his mind:  
 Altho' so much concern he feels,  
 He gives us leave to trust our heels,  
 Therefore I vote that ev'ry man  
 Trot home as fast as e'er he can,  
 Nor hope that we shall e'er destroy  
 This heav'n-defended whore's nest Troy.

He spoke; and each bold Grecian son  
 Look'd as he'd neither lost nor won,  
 But gaping stood till Diomed  
 Began to speak, and speak he did:

You told me, Sir, I late begun  
 To fight, but rot me if I run;  
 No cause of quarrel Diom. seeks,  
 But we are lost if no man speaks:  
 You bawl'd so loud, tho' I was near you;  
 You made our raggamuffins hear you;  
 Tho' then I thought it good to wink on't,  
 Seal up my day-lights, but I'll think on't;  
 Great Jove, whose power all power surpasses,  
 Who makes great men of calves and asses,  
 Witness the English h— of p—,  
 And c—s too of later years,  
 Witness the ministers of —,  
 And privy c—s of late,

Witness their treaties with the French,  
 Witness their j—s on the bench,  
 Witness their bishops, priests, and deacons,  
 All pious souls, but very weak ones,  
 Witness their justices of peace,  
 And lawyers too; but let me cease  
 To chatter more this kind of stuff,  
 I think there's witnesses enough:  
 So to my text, as parsons say;  
 The gods, when they mix'd up thy clay,  
 Put half and half, and let thee pass  
 Half a great booby, half an ass;  
 But I am sure they could not then  
 Design thee to command brave men,  
 Because to give thee they thought fit  
 A soul no bigger than a nit:  
 Would any bold commander, pray,  
 Persuade his rogues to run away?  
 And then 'tis ten to one you'll swear  
 The raggamuffins ran for fear:  
 You and your sneaking crew may run,  
 But take my word, since I've begun  
 To kick and cuff, you may depend on't  
 I'll tarry here and see the end on't,  
 Then don't this fair occasion slip,  
 But get on board thy rotten ship;  
 The rest, I hope, will scorn to mog off,  
 And dim my day-lights, if I'll jog off.

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But stay to fire yon whoring town,  
 And pull their barns and cocklofts down;  
 But if they all should chuse to fly,  
 Stenny will stay, and so will I:  
 When once I've enter'd, know I am  
 As steady as a Rockingham,  
 Whose country's cause will ever be  
 His object to eternity,  
 Like him I'll knaves and fools oppose,  
 But join both heart and hand with those  
 Whose words as well as actions shew  
 They love their king and country too,  
 In such a cause I'll never flinch,  
 And smite me if I stir an inch:  
 With heaven we came when we begun,  
 And hell itself sha'n't make us run.  
 He ended here, and all the croud  
 Began to shout so very loud,  
 You'd think each man would burst his liver  
 With roaring, Diomed for ever:  
 When up the rev'rend figure rear'd  
 Of chatt'ring Nestor's grizzle beard,  
 And spoke; the chiefs all silent sit  
 As members when they're humm'd by Pitt.

Thus he begins: My trusty knight,  
 Stick to your text, by g— you're right;  
 I like a man that never starves it,  
 But blames king George, if he deserves it;

And yet before you gave it o'er  
 You might have said a little more :  
 I'll speak, nor do I think the thing  
 Will vex the people or the king.  
 Damnation seize and overtake  
 The man that fights for fighting sake !  
 Such rogues the world would over-run,  
 And break good people's heads for fun ;  
 But we, tho' under feet we're trod,  
 Have justice on our side, by god ;  
 Therefore to-night let sentries watch us,  
 Lest these confounded rascals catch us  
 All fast asleep ; but first it's proper  
 To give these sentinels some supper :  
 Then thou, whose pow'r no man controuls,  
 To council call the grave old souls ;  
 Before the bus'ness you begin,  
 Give each old buff a dram of gin,  
 'Twill chear their hearts, with age quite shrunk,  
 But don't you make th' old firelocks drunk,  
 For council good no honest fellow  
 Can give, if he is more than mellow ;  
 With mod'rate share of meat and drink  
 They'll freely chatter what they think,  
 And, like a city congregation  
 Who meet sometimes for the good o' th' nation,  
 Some one, before the close of night,  
 May blunder on a thing that's right :

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See but yon Trojan fires so near us !  
 If we but sneeze they overhear us ;  
 Whilst then so nigh our boats they keep,  
 The devil fetch me if I'll sleep ;  
 To-morrow morn begins the jumble,  
 Where Troy must fall, or Greece must tumble.

'Twas thus old grey-beard spoke ; and strait  
 Each sentry posted to his gate :  
 The \* son the father first obey'd,  
 To shew he minded what he said,  
 (For in those times a son would do  
 Things that are out of fashion now) :  
 Ascalaphus, the son of Mars,  
 Follow'd this heroe hard at a--se,  
 Along with bold Ialmen, who  
 Was bully Mars's bastard too ;  
 Merion and Diepyrus  
 Went next, and then Aphereus ;  
 Last came the valiant Lycomed,  
 A hardy whelp of Creon's breed ;  
 Twice fifty constables, all knaves,  
 Guarded each bully with their slaves ;  
 Not one durst sit upon his crupper,  
 But standing mump'd his crust for supper :  
 The chief both hungry and afraid,  
 Had in his tent a supper made ;  
 Tho' matters wore no pleasing looks,  
 He had not yet discharg'd his cooks ;  
 \* Thrasy-med.

'Tis true, he oft' had thought upon  
 A proper reformation,  
 And taken good advice from all but  
 The very man he should, L---d T---,  
 Who soon would bring that scheme to pass,  
 And send his drunken cooks to grass;  
 But as there's nought on earth can look  
 So dismal as a half-starv'd cook,  
 I hope, for these poor devils sake,  
 He won't such sneaking methods take,  
 But let each honest red-nos'd cook  
 Die as he's liv'd, in fire and smoke;  
 All the old cocks were bidden to  
 This melancholy supper, who  
 Were capable at this bad bout  
 By good advice to help them out;  
 They eat a deal, but drank much more,  
 Nor stopp'd 'till they were half seas o'er;  
 Nestor, who on this weighty summons,  
 (Like speakers in the house of c---s)  
 First penn'd a speech, then got it off,  
 Began to hawk, and spit, and cough,  
 Then spoke, Thou monarch, who, in troth,  
 Exceeds the kings of Brentford both!  
 Thou powerful chief, bedeck'd with ermin,  
 Who, as thy fancy shall determine,  
 Canst pull down men, and set up vermin,  
 A thing you did some time ago,  
 To shew the folks what you could do

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Upon a pinch; but if again  
 You do it, Nestor tells you plain  
 All honest men will so resent it,  
 They'll give you reason to repent it,  
 Tho' you are honest we are sure,  
 Yet if you give to rascals power,  
 The wrongs you suffer them to do  
 Will all be justly laid on you,  
 And, spite of all that you can say for it,  
 The folks at last will make you pay for it,  
 In matters of this kind you'll find me  
 Much older than yourself, so mind me  
 Cares that o'erload my upper shelf  
 Belong to you and not myself;  
 In weighty matters don't be nice,  
 But always jump at good advice,  
 Tho' I'm the man of sense to make it,  
 Yet if you've sense enough to take it,  
 The gaping crowd will all agree  
 That you're as wise a man as me,  
 To seem exceeding wise, we know,  
 Is half as good as being so,  
 A noodle with a well-tim'd throg  
 May any time the world humbug;  
 Then hear me, for I'll utter nought  
 But what I think, and always thought:  
 I told you, when you made such gabbling,  
 When Thetis' son and you were squabbling,

And like two blackguard scoundrels swore,  
 And curst, and damn'd about a whore,  
 That through my spectacles I saw,  
 Like Winchelsea, how things would go;  
 I saw the bully would repent it,  
 And told you who would first repent it,  
 And to your cost you find out now  
 I told you nought but what was true,  
 But as that matter's done and o'er,  
 And can't be help'd, I'll say no more;  
 The man's a puppy that begins  
 To kick his neighbour's broken shins;  
 Only 'tis time you strive to please him,  
 You vex him, and you must appease him.

The chief then answers to the knight,  
 Flux me, old buff, but you are right;  
 I see as plain as in a glass,  
 You're a wise man and I'm an ass,  
 Too late I find that great strong elf  
 Is half an army of himself;  
 For him, that water witch his mother  
 Drives us on heaps o'er one another;  
 Fain would I alter what I've done,  
 And strive to please both witch and son:  
 A bribe must fetch him, or he can,  
 I'll take my oath, be no great man,  
 For never yet of all that tribe  
 Could any one resist a bribe,

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A star and ribband, or a pension,  
 Will overfet the best intention,  
 Make patriots, like the courtiers, civil,  
 And fell their country to the devil;  
 Therefore bear witness all around  
 I hereby offer him ten pound,  
 Seven iron pans to boil his fish in,  
 And twenty chamber-pots to piss in;  
 I'll likewise add a dozen nags,  
 That soon will fill his empty bags  
 By winning plates, not one is idle,  
 But ev'ry horse has won his bridle,  
 Nay some have won a saddle too,  
 But of that sort there's very few;  
 Their pedigrees are all so good,  
 That few their equals are in blood;  
 Out of the twelve, he'll find eleven  
 Have got a ring-bone or a spavin,  
 Which is the surest sign indeed  
 They're of the very tip-top breed;  
 Besides, I'll give him seven wenches,  
 With fists so hard, they've kept their trenches  
 From being storm'd, if any clown  
 Offer'd to touch, they'd knock him down,  
 'Twould do him good if he would stop  
 And see how well they twirl a mop,  
 And spin so fine, they weekly earn  
 Their sixteen pence in spinning yarn;

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All these I'll give him out and out,  
 And add the wench we fratch'd about,  
 For his broad back doth so bewitch her,  
 She never yet would let me switch her;  
 Besides all this, when we have taken  
 The town, with all their eggs and bacon,  
 Of guttling stuff he shall have store,  
 Besides full twenty wenches more;  
 Himself shall be the first who chuses,  
 And what on tryal he refuses  
 We'll take ourselves; then he shall go  
 To Greece, and be my son-in-law,  
 The farm that I have under care,  
 Orestes and himself shall share:  
 Lastly, three daughters I can boast,  
 All taught to bake, and boil, and roast,  
 Girls, that besides plain work and stitching,  
 Can do the business of the kitchen,  
 Can make a pudding or a pie,  
 Or toss you up a lambstone fry,  
 Laodice and Iphigeen,  
 Two tighter girls are seldom seen;  
 In the sun's rays there not a beam is  
 So bright as red-hair'd Chrysothemis;  
 All three are dev'lish sprightly jades,  
 And fore against their will are maids;  
 These in their Sunday's yard-wide stuff,  
 Or if he pleases drest in buff,

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I'll let him see to take his choice,  
 Like which he will, he has my voice,  
 And for her portion I'll give more  
 Than \*\*\*\*\* spends upon his whore;  
 The mayor of Garrat shall not be  
 So great a man by half as he,  
 Because, those mighty gifts to crown,  
 I'll make him bailiff of a town,  
 With six fine villages about it,  
 And keep my word, he need not doubt it;  
 He shall command Enope's people  
 And Cardamyle without a steeple;  
 Phææ and Pedasus, whose trees  
 Produce so many gooseberries,  
 That I am told they yearly bottle  
 No less than fifteen hundred pottle,  
 And every pottle in the year  
 Brings them at least five farthings clear;  
 Hira's good pastures and Epea,  
 And special fields about Anthea,  
 Where all the farmers fill their purses  
 By grazing brewers' founder'd horses,  
 The'e standing on the salt sea beach,  
 Almost as far as Pylos Reach,  
 Where bulls, and cows, and oxen roar,  
 And men get drunk, and women whore;  
 See what I offer to appease him, bid him stand  
 The devil's in't if this don't please him; A

By pray'rs the hardest thing relaxes,  
Nothing stands fix'd, but death and taxes.

Nestor, whose silence gave him pain,  
Starts up to chatter once again:  
Now, by my soul, 'tis bravely offer'd;  
Singe my old beard if I'd have proffer'd  
'Bove half as much; this must convince  
The man, that you're a noble prince;  
And now we've talk'd the matter fully,  
Let's send and tell this stiff-rump'd bully  
Your princely offer; I will warrant  
To find men proper for the errand,  
Men that can strut it, and look big,  
With store of guts as well as wig;  
In such like cases, when we can,  
We mostly send an alderman,  
But since none came in our old lighters,  
(Few aldermen, God knows, are fighters)  
We'll send some people in their places,  
With aldermanic guts and faces;  
There's Phoenix, like myself, grown wise,  
He knows the use of well-plac'd lies;  
Then Ajax, with a head so big,  
If we can fit him with a wig,  
He'll quickly make Achilles stare,  
And think we've sent my good lord mayor,  
But I'm afraid we cannot get him  
A busby large enough to fit him,

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Because when we set out, I know,  
 He look'd all over Middle-Row,  
 But could not find one, up or down,  
 Half deep enough to fit his crown,  
 Which is the cause he's forc'd to wear  
 His old thrum night-cap all the year;  
 Ulysses too, to mend the jobby,  
 Must help 'em with his fudging nob,  
 He'll tell more lies for half a crown  
 Than any shopkeeper in town;  
 And then, to close the farce, and make  
 It look like business, let 'em take  
 Two beadies with their brass-nob'd slaves,  
 I hate to see things done by halves;  
 When they are gone, let us prepare  
 To whisper every man a pray'r,  
 But do not let the Trojans hear,  
 Lest they should think we pray for fear;  
 Tho' if they can but nose it well,  
 They'll guess our pickle by the smell.

And now, as usual, his oration  
 Receiv'd a gen'ral approbation:  
 The messengers soon left their places,  
 But first they wash'd their dirty faces,  
 And with an old tin dredging-box  
 Scatter'd some meal upon their locks,  
 Then from a swinging pitcher full  
 Of ale, each took a hearty pull.

Now Nestor had a fort of dread  
 This ale might get into their head,  
 And they, perhaps, might chatter then  
 Like drunken common-council men,  
 And tell the king to whom they're sent,  
 They came to pay a compliment;  
 But end their message with a spice  
 Of drunken hickuping advice;  
 So follow'd of his own accord,  
 And begg'd that not one angry word  
 Might 'scape their jaws, and that Ulys, but  
 Whose roguish tricks did seldom miss,  
 Would see the greatest care was taken,  
 In this great strait, to save their bacon.  
 Away they trudg'd in dreadful plight,  
 Because it was so dark a night  
 They could not see a spark of light,  
 But they could hear the billows roar  
 As they came rumbling to the shore,  
 Which made 'em, whilst their way they kept on,  
 Lug out a prayer or two to Neptune:  
 Neptune, quoth they, we all could wish  
 That you would help us to a dish  
 Of sprats or smelts, or any fish,  
 Or, what will likeliest do the thing,  
 A little handful of old ling,  
 For that's an article will melt  
 A judge's heart, unless he's gelt;

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But they might pray, and pray, and pray,  
 Neptune was out of luck that day,  
 Tho' he had fish'd from morn to night,  
 He had not got a single bite;  
 Nor (should their souls depend on that)  
 Could he assist them with a sprat,  
 Or e'en a shrimp; but as for ling,  
 Th' old fisherman had no such thing:  
 As fast as honest Neptune cur'd it,  
 That whoring rogue, that Jove, secur'd it,  
 For, tho' a god in ev'ry thing,  
 He was a devil at old ling:  
 But be that matter as it may,  
 By great good luck they grop'd their ways,  
 When they came near this son of Mars,  
 They saw him sitting on his —,  
 Making such ugly faces that  
 They thought him grinning for a hat,  
 But he, good man, upon his rump,  
 Was playing on a brass jew-trump,  
 And 'cause the music pleas'd him much,  
 He gap'd and grin'd at ev'ry touch;  
 Only Patroclus tarry'd near him,  
 No mortal else would stay to hear him,  
 Rather than stay to hear him play  
 The very rats were run away:  
 Just in the middle of his airs  
 They stole upon him unawares;

But, when he peep'd and saw them come,  
 He whipp'd him up from off his bum,  
 And clapp'd the trump into his pocket,  
 So quick, Ulysses thinks he broke it;  
 Patroclus too was on his rump,  
 And like him gave a sudden jump;  
 Achilles seiz'd 'em by their hands,  
 And begg'd to know their best commands:

Welcome, old friends, to me yet dear!  
 Pray, what the devil brought you here?  
 If you are come to me for help,  
 From that infernal noisy whelp,  
 And hither trudg'd to ask my aid,  
 You must be hellishly afraid;  
 And that you are, I need not tell ye,  
 Because, to speak the truth, I smell ye.

At this he pointed to his tent;  
 They made a leg, and in they went,  
 Where down the heroes clapp'd their docks  
 On woollen cushions stuff'd with flocks.

Patroclus, says Achilles, you  
 Must know, of all the Grecian crew  
 I like these cocks, so do not fail  
 To get a pot of mild and stale  
 Of Dolly Pampfenose, and tell her  
 To send the best in all the cellar.

Patroclus ran and fetch'd the beer,  
 And then prepar'd for better chear:

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With a cow-heel he first began,  
 And fry'd it in an old brass pan;  
 But first he soak'd an offal piece,  
 To suck up all the verdigrease,  
 Had he not ta'en such care, he might  
 Have poison'd all his friends outright,  
 Because from hist'ry it appears  
 The pan had not been us'd some years:  
 Automedon soon fetch'd a candle,  
 Then held the frying-pan by th' handle,  
 Whilst great Achilles fell to work  
 To cut some steaks of beef and pork:  
 Patroclus, at his friend's desire,  
 Made what we call a roaring fire,  
 At which the steaks were nicely cook'd,  
 Except a few a little smoak'd;  
 Tho' his sharp hungry guests would not  
 Believe 'em smok'd, but smoking hot:  
 For table cloth Atrides spread  
 A sheet he took from off his bed,  
 Then gave each man a cake of bread;  
 And, that the gods might have their due,  
 The fat into the fire he threw,  
 For heathen gods, if you'll enquire,  
 Are pleas'd when all the fat's i' th' fire;  
 Then they fell on their meat and cakes,  
 And gobbled up the heel and steaks:

After they'd ta'en some time to drink,  
To Phœnix, Ajax tipp'd the wink;  
Ulysses soon the signal spies,  
(For he kept watch with both his eyes)  
Then pours a glafs of ale by stealth,  
And cries, Achilles, Sir, your health,  
With forty thousand thanks, d'ye see,  
For this your kind civility:  
Great Agamemnon, smite my crupper,  
Could not have cook'd a better supper,  
But, tho' you've fill'd our skins so full  
Of meat and drink, yet still we're dull,  
Because the day is hardly pass'd,  
That saw us all so tightly thrash'd;  
And now we stand upon the brink  
Of ruin, and shall surely sink  
If you don't come, for I'm mistaken  
If aught alive can save our bacon,  
Unless you kindly will assist,  
And let 'em feel your mutton fist:  
Peep out, you'll see the Trojans keep  
Us all coop'd up like Smithfield sheep;  
They talk of finding all our tails,  
And burning both our masts and sails:  
Great Jove himself, or else the devil,  
Has been so very kind and civil,  
As box all day on Hector's side,  
And lend him strength to trim our hide,

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That Hector who the world defies,  
And carries lightning in his eyes;  
His stomach is so full of ire;  
That when he rists he belches fire;  
We heard him plain his comrades tell  
I' th' morn he'll ring our passing bell,  
And send both men and boats to hell:  
It gave me such a twitch o' th' gripes  
To see the rascal deal his stripes,  
I've hardly got quite clear on't yet,  
And still I'm in a reeking sweat,  
Lest he to-morrow morn come out  
And once more kick us all about;  
Is it not very hard we must  
Lay all our nobs in Trojan dust,  
Because at present you don't list  
To help us with your clumsy fist?  
But, dear Achilles, now or never  
Jump up, and smite that Hector's liver,  
And you'll oblige your friends for ever,  
But if you let us all be slain,  
Sink me, if e'er we fight again;  
No steps, my friend, that you can tread  
Will help us when we're knock'd o' th' head;  
Therefore in time observe, I pray,  
What your old daddy us'd to say:  
My son, said he, and stroak'd thy locks;  
Thou'rt strong enough to fell an ox,

THE NINTH BOOK OF

But, for all that, keep clear of brabbling,  
 Or else you'll get a name for squabbling,  
 And then depend high words and high blows  
 Will bring you nought but kicks and dry blows,  
 But quiet dealings and good nature  
 Will please folks so, that ev'ry creature  
 Will say, in spite of your thick jowl,  
 'Tis a good natur'd honest soul;  
 But, in your wrath, if you perhaps  
 Should lend a man a slap o'th' chaps,  
 Your mutton fist will bruise his jaw,  
 (Remember that I told you so)  
 For which, if you don't run away,  
 You'll have the surgeon's bill to pay;  
 If any blustering son of Mars  
 Affront you, bid him kiss your —,  
 Whether he carries then or goes off,  
 Don't strike him, lest you knock his nose off;  
 Pray do not, like a graceless knave,  
 Despise th' advice your daddy gave;  
 But, if you'll grant Atrides' pray'r,  
 He'll give you——stop and you shall hear  
 What a great gainer you'll be by't;  
 I have it down in black and white:  
 Before the elders seated round,  
 He nobly offers you ten pound,  
 Seven iron pans to boil your fish in,  
 And twenty chamber-pots to — in;

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He'll likewise add a dozen nags,  
 That soon will fill your empty bags  
 By winning plates, they ha'n't been idle,  
 But ev'ry nag has won his bridle,  
 Nay some have won a saddle too,  
 But of that sort there's very few;  
 Their pedigrees are all so good,  
 That few their equals are in blood;  
 Out of the twelve you'll find eleven  
 Have got a ring-bone or a spavin,  
 Which is the surest sign indeed  
 They're of the very tip-top breed;  
 For sev'ral of 'em you may trace  
 From that fam'd horse that won the race  
 For great Darius, when the state  
 Decreed a kingdom for a plate;  
 And, if you sell them, Pond for you  
 Shall swear the pedigree is true:  
 Besides all this, he'll throw you in,  
 Of hard-bumm'd wenches that can spin,  
 The very lucky number seven,  
 Odd numbers always beat the even;  
 Their spinning will good money earn,  
 And you'll grow rich by selling yarn;  
 All these he'll give you out and out,  
 And add the wench you fratch'd about,  
 And swears you someway so bewitch her,  
 She never yet would let him switch her:

Besides all this, when we have taken  
 The town, with all their eggs and bacon,  
 Of belly timber you'll have plenty,  
 And a round dozen, if not twenty,  
 Plump girls; and, if on leap and trial  
 (Which they must take without denial)  
 You like 'em not, you need not chuse 'em,  
 We'll snap 'em up, tho' you refuse 'em;  
 Then try again, if that will ease you,  
 Till you can find a score to please you;  
 And, when this job of jobs is done,  
 Which must I think be special fun,  
 He'll take you home and call you son;  
 Of all his lands the farm that best is  
 He'll split 'twixt you and bold Orestes;  
 Lastly, three daughters he can boast,  
 All taught to bake, and boil, and roast,  
 Useful i'th' parlour, hall, or kitchen,  
 And notable fine girls at stitching--  
 Your shirts I mean, the wrists or neck,  
 Whether your linen's plain or check,  
 Which, my good friend, will be to you  
 Of use, and profitable too,  
 Because you need not then go swapping  
 Your smuggl'd tea for shirts in Wapping,  
 Where ware that's sound cannot be gotten,  
 And all their stitching tackle rotten;  
 Laodice and Iphigene  
 Are two of these fine girls I mean;

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In the sun's rays there not a beam is  
So bright as red-hair'd Chrysothemis ;  
All three are sprightly buxom jades,  
And, what's a rarity, they're maids :  
These in their Sunday's yard-wide stuff,  
Or if you like 'em best in buff,  
He'll let you see, to take your choice,  
Take which you will you have his voice,  
And for her portion you'll have more  
Than \*\*\*\* spent upon his whore ;  
Further, these mighty gifts to crown,  
He'll make you bailiff of a town,  
Where on a grand election year,  
If you are careful, you may clear  
Ten pounds, as sure as you were born,  
Or twenty for a false return :  
But let this caution be your guide,  
That you return the strongest side,  
Else you may chance to find your pate  
O'th' wrong side of an iron grate ;  
Likewise six villages do lie  
Within this borough's liberty,  
Of which, if I may gain belief,  
You shall be constable in chief ;  
Both Pherce and Enope too  
Must then pull off their caps to you,  
And when you think it worth the while  
May kiss the girls of Cardamyle ;

With Pedafus, whose stock of trees  
 Bear an estate in gooseberries,  
 These, join'd with Hira and Epea,  
 And special fields about Anthea,  
 All stretch along the salt sea beach,  
 And very near to Pylos reach,  
 Where bulls, and cows, and oxen roar,  
 And men and women drink and whore,  
 And where they still continue whoring,  
 In spite of squinting Whitfield's roaring,  
 Altho' he deals to ev'ry station  
 Such thumping doses of damnation,  
 You'd swear he had a patent got  
 (As folks have done for pills and shot)  
 That none but Westley, he, and Grimstone\*,  
 May deal in burning pitch and brimstone.  
 See what he offers to appease you!  
 The devil's in't if this don't please you:  
 By pray'rs the hardest thing relaxes,  
 Nothing stands fix'd, but death and taxes:  
 You see, Achilles, what he proffers,  
 And troth I thought 'em handsome offers;  
 But if you turn a flat deaf ear  
 To our petition, folks will swear

\* This Grimstone is a preaching shoemaker, and as fine  
 a fellow as either of the other two brimstone merchants,  
 but less known because he is confined to a small circle in the  
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Your liver is grown white with whoring,  
 And now you're good for nought but roaring,  
 From whence they fairly must conjecture  
 You dare not face that rascal Hector,  
 Who, I am hopeful, kicks us now  
 Only to be rekick'd by you.

Achilles answers: Surely this is  
 A rare long speech, my friend Ulysses,  
 And, in return, I'll give you for't  
 A speech that, be it long or short,  
 Shall speak my mind, for may I sink,  
 If I'll say aught but what I think;  
 Tho', if your friends expect to see  
 A single grain of help from me,  
 Tell 'em, as sure as there you sit,  
 They're most abominably bit;  
 Who one thing speaks and thinks another,  
 Tho' he was born of my own mother,  
 Should I not use him right, I ask all,  
 To d——n him for a scoundrel rascal?  
 And therefore all the Greeks you'll find  
 Will hardly make me change my mind;  
 On their account when Troy I spank'd,  
 You see how finely I got thank'd,  
 Your scoundrel chief must get a stride on  
 The only tit I had to ride on,  
 But on a bible book I've sworn  
 Never to do so any more;

Ev'ry poor heartless rogue you'll stand by  
Rather than Monekton, Hawke, or Granby,  
For when a brave man tumbles down,  
You'll help a scoundrel up as soon;  
Pray what the devil have I got  
For all the rogues I've sent to rot?  
Just like that careful bird the tit,  
Who never tastes a single bit,  
But still keeps picking worms and scraping  
Till ev'ry tit gives over gaping,  
Such pains for thankless Greece I've taken,  
And sav'd their measly pocky bacon;  
Kept all their loving spouses plackets  
From being trimm'd by Trojan jackets;  
Watch'd all the night in heavy buff,  
And work'd all day at kick and cuff;  
Twelve farmers huts and barns I plunder'd,  
And should, if there had been a hundred:  
That thick-skull'd whelp, your Gen'ral Blunder,  
Came in of course for all the plunder,  
Began to fill his paunch the first,  
And guttled cheese-cakes till he burst,  
Two dozen down his throat he switches,  
Then ramm'd two dozen in his breeches,  
Besides, he ev'ry kettle got,  
Except one lowsy porridge pot,  
And one fat wench, so rarely fed,  
Her cheeks as well as hair were red:

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My men that fought, and won the stake,  
 Like those that did th' Havannah take,  
 Receiv'd from this great chief of Greece  
 'Bout twelve or fifteen pence apiece;  
 He likewise gave, with much ado,  
 A little to the captains too,  
 But not so much, by far, as will  
 Pay half their sneaking taylor's bill;  
 The rest, like A \* \* \* \*, he sent  
 To his own hoard; yet, not content,  
 His idle hours he could not pass  
 Without my carrot-pated las:  
 Let him the buxom dame enjoy;  
 But what's our quarrel then with Troy \* ?  
 You all were sensible before  
 We're only fighting for a whore,  
 Don't wonder then, if for a harlot  
 You see me drub that thieving varlet;  
 Must Atreus sons all wenches seize,  
 And trim 'em when and where they please,  
 Whilst we, who all their prizes won,  
 Must thank 'em for a butter'd bun?  
 Mean sneaking scrubs may go on still,  
 But, seal my day-lights, if I will:  
 A heart that's made of standard bullion  
 Will love his wench altho' a scullion;

\* Pope.

Nay, tho' he takes a rag-mop squeezer,  
 He ought to do his best, to please her :  
 I lik'd the girl, and, on my life,  
 Us'd her as tho' she'd been my wife ;  
 And, may I never drub the French,  
 If I'd have parted with the wench,  
 But Pallas came down stairs, you know,  
 And order'd me to let her go :  
 But, once deceiv'd, I tell you plain  
 I'll never trust a king again ;  
 He's wrong'd me in the dearest part,  
 And from my soul I—d d—n his heart :  
 This is my mind ; to mend the jobb  
 Let him consult your busy nob ;  
 Where you can't lend a helping hand,  
 The devil would be at a stand ;  
 But why the pox should he want me,  
 When I such mighty works can see ?  
 With wond'rous ramparts and a trench,  
 Surely his engineers were French :  
 The Greeks could never raise such works,  
 They'd baffle a whole host of Turks ;  
 And yet he fears, as I conjecture,  
 They cannot keep out swagg'ring Hector :  
 When I along with Ajax steer'd,  
 Then no such bullying work appear'd ;  
 These fighting Trojans kept their gates up,  
 And very seldom popp'd their pates up

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Above their wall, but then were fain  
To pop 'em quickly down again;  
The mighty Hector ventur'd once  
Without the gates, but sav'd his sconce  
By running back into the town,  
Or, by my soul, I'd crack'd his crown,  
And had I still look'd sharp about,  
He ne'er again had ventur'd out;  
Now we no more shall think of fighting,  
But soon as th' morning brings some light in,  
If we can catch a leading gale,  
You'll spy my lighters under sail,  
And the third day, by three o'clock,  
Don't fear to reach to Puddle Dock,  
Where there's no doubt but we shall find  
The heaps of goods I left behind,  
Some rusty kettles, pots, and pans,  
And half a dozen copper cans,  
To these I'll add what I got here,  
Earn'd by my labour plaguy dear,  
With all my square-stern'd thumping jades,  
By people here call'd country maids;  
I lik'd but one above them all,  
And that your scoundrel gen'ral stole:  
Then tell him thus, and do not fear ye  
To speak that all the Greeks may hear ye,  
Let them all hear I call their chief  
A lousy, pilfring, blackguard thief;

THE NINTH BOOK OF

Had he but his deserts, I know  
 He would have swung five years ago,  
 And yet I've hopes to see him still  
 Ride in a cart—up Holborn-Hill,  
 For, by my soul, the rascal's knav'ry  
 Designs you wooden shoes and flav'ry,  
 Keep you but honest, and I'm sure  
 The scoundrel dog will keep you poor,  
 Altho' the rascal dare as well  
 Fetch my Lord B—th's Black soul from hell,  
 As venture into any place  
 Where I may see his ugly face,  
 For if he does, by g—d I'll sell him,  
 And that, Ulysses, you may tell him;  
 And add, I neither will cologue  
 Nor fight along with such a rogue,  
 Let the poor dog, since Jove deprives him  
 Of sense, run where the devil drives him:  
 A man may be bamboozl'd once,  
 As I was, by a thick-skull'd dunce,  
 But if again I let it pass,  
 Tho' he's the rogue, yet I'm the ass;  
 From sneaking rascals, full of shifts,  
 Tell him Achilles scorns all gifts;  
 Nay, tho' he promis'd me the whole  
 His rog'ry has from others stole,  
 I'd rather stand to see him undone  
 Than have the running cash of London,

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# HOMER'S ILLIAD. 511

Whose money, judg'd by what they spend,  
 Can surely never have an end;  
 Yet could the sneaking scound'rel ask all  
 That running cash from me, the rascal  
 Shall ne'er have my assistance, d——n me,  
 Nor any chance again to scam me;  
 Nor will I ever kiss his daughter,  
 Tho' H\*\*\* herself had taught her  
 The very motions, maids at court  
 All know will make the finest sport,  
 Nay, was she all in di'monds dress'd,  
 And had of *things* the very best,  
 Yet rather than with him agree,  
 The second best shall serve for me;  
 Sooner than he my pate shall scam,  
 I'll marry with the devil's dam,  
 For I'm resolv'd to sow no seed  
 On such bad ground; I hate the breed:  
 When I go home, if god spare life,  
 I'll get my dad to chuse a wife;  
 My back and parts, I'm pretty certain,  
 Will recommend me to a fortune,  
 There's scarce a girl of Thessaly  
 But will be glad to jump at me;  
 With one of these I'll join my hand,  
 And stay at home and plow my land,  
 On Sundays a good dinner cook,  
 Then sit and read a godly book,

112 THE NINTH BOOK OF

The book where Solomon the wise  
A girl from ev'ry nation tries,  
And found, when all his strength was past,  
It was but vanity at last,  
Here I can likewise mend my writing,  
And leave to fools the trade of fighting;  
Pray of what use are all our cattle  
If once we're knock'd o' th' head in battle,  
Not the best purl that e'er was drank,  
Nor all the money in the Bank,  
Not Child's great chest, with all that's in it,  
Will save your life a single minute;  
We may recover money lost,  
Or nags when stole, on paying cost,  
But if your breath you once let slip,  
The devil gets you on the hip,  
And he was never known to let  
A sinner once escape his net,  
Except a \* fiddler of the town,  
That took a hurdigurdy down,  
And made such cursed noise below,  
Satan was glad to let him go,  
Which gave old Handel † room to crack,  
The devil soon would send him back,

\* Orpheus.

† Handel, to make as much noise as possible, introduced  
cannon into a concert.

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But as we've never seen him yet,  
 'Tis ten to one th' old fellow's bit:  
 Long since a gipsy told my fortune,  
 That I should be demolish'd certain,  
 If I stay here my life 'twill curtail,  
 But then my fame will be immortal;  
 Ballads in print shall spread my fame,  
 And ballad-singers roar my name;  
 If I go home I change my fate,  
 And spin out life a longer date,  
 Like country 'squires lay warm and snug,  
 And snore a hundred years incog.  
 This course, my friend, will I pursue,  
 And so, if your are wise, will you;  
 Seek your own homes without delay,  
 Nor longer here for dry blows stay,  
 Where nothing can be got but raps  
 Upon your pates, or slaps o' th' chaps;  
 For Jove, I'll speak it to his face,  
 Defends this whoring Trojan race,  
 Heartens them on our boats to plunder,  
 But scares our shabby rogues with thunder.  
 And now I've told you all my mind,  
 Pray let your loggerheads be join'd  
 In consultation how to 'scape  
 Your present most unlucky scrape;  
 This string has snapp'd, but you, I know,  
 Have always two strings to your bow,

And yet you'll find, I don't dispute,  
 Some auger-hole to wriggle out :  
 This is the answer you may carry,  
 So march ! but let old Phoenix tarry ;  
 I think that he should have a tomb  
 To lay his grizzle beard at home,  
 Altho' the old curmudgeon may,  
 Just as he pleases, go or stay.  
 This speech of speeches ending here,  
 Like three stuck pigs it made 'em stare ;  
 When Phoenix rose, but first he cry'd,  
 Then wip'd his nose before he try'd  
 A few persuasive words to speak,  
 But his old pipe was grown so weak,  
 He did not seem to talk but squeak :

O, great Achilles ! wilt thou fly,  
 And leave the Greeks like rats to die ?  
 If you in anger trudge away,  
 How shall your old schoolmaster stay ?  
 When thy good daddy Peleus sent  
 Thee first to join thy regiment,  
 And bid thee stay upon condition  
 I bought the very first commission,  
 (For, to our scandal be it told,  
 Commissions are both bought and sold)  
 He sent me with thee, that I might  
 Teach thee to bully, whore, and fight,

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Three card'nal virtues, which a braye  
 And jolly captain ought to have,  
 Which, added to a little drinking,  
 Will always keep his nob from thinking,  
 For soldiers, if they thought aright,  
 Would sooner far be d——d than fight  
 For rogues, who when they've lost a leg,  
 Will hardly give them leave to beg;  
 But yet I always did pursue  
 Your father's plan in teaching you,  
 And flux me if I leave you now,  
 Not if the gods would lend their mill  
 To grind me young, or Doctor Hill  
 Would promise to keep off old age  
 With the grand tincture of red sage,  
 Then would you hear me thrice a week  
 Make chambermaids by dozens squeak:  
 My dad so old, he scarce could move,  
 Yet with a pox must fall in love;  
 My mam. begg'd hard that I'd outwit him,  
 I did, and got the girl, so bit him;  
 But the old Heathen swore and curst  
 As if his very gall would burst;  
 So far his passion crack'd his brain,  
 He pray'd I ne'er might stand again,  
 And sure I am, as you are there,  
 The devil help'd his wicked pray'r;  
 I was damn'd vext, a man may swear,  
 To find myself so very queer,

That tho' I did on jellies sup,  
I ne'er could make affairs look up,  
And thought, so prone are we to evil,  
To send th' old rascal to the devil;  
But some kind goblin staid that thought,  
So all my anger came to nought;  
Then I would fly, aye that I would,  
Let all my friends do what they could;  
Nine suns they watch'd me night and day,  
On the tenth eve I ran away  
With a blind tinker, whose good metal  
Had mended many a crazy kettle,  
But grown less able now to trudge it,  
I undertook to lug the budget,  
And thus with eighteen-pence a-piece,  
We took our travels through all Greece;  
Many a merry day we past,  
And weather'd many a bitter blast,  
And many a merry night when tipsie,  
We pigg'd in straw with each a gipsie;  
At last, without a single fouse,  
We reach'd your daddy's old farm house,  
Who did to stay with him persuade me,  
And dry nurse to his son he made me,  
Gave me a sal'ry for my keeping,  
And patch'd the calf-crib up to sleep in;  
Finding I had a taste to rule,  
He made me master of a school,

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To teach, as I could do it well,  
 The farmer's chub-fac'd boys to spell,  
 And faith your dad I amply paid  
 By making you so fine a blade,  
 Tho' you cut such a puff, d'ye see,  
 You'd been a noodle but for me;  
 That I my time could ne'er employ  
 On a more hopeful loving boy  
 Is true, and nought but truth I'll say,  
 It made me chuckle ev'ry day  
 To hear the little varlet mutter,  
 Unless I cut his bread and butter;  
 Often upon my knee he'd dose,  
 And puke his milk upon my cloaths,  
 Which I rubb'd off as soon as done,  
 As if the lad had been my son:  
 I thought, or may the dry pox rot me,  
 The devil had at last forgot me,  
 And, spite of my old father's curse,  
 I was thy dad, and not thy nurse;  
 You'll hardly think the joy I had  
 In rearing such a hopeful lad:  
 Come, don't be cross, but dry our tears,  
 A valiant heart no malice bears;  
 When man repents, and turns from evils,  
 He moves all hearts except the devil's,  
 Therefore, if you don't take our part,  
 You've got the devil of a heart;

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The wicked Jews themselves once sent  
 Such pray'rs as made their god repent,  
 Prayers made him do it, tho' he knew  
 They were a curst wicked crew,  
 And would, before the week was spent,  
 Make him on t'other side repent ;  
 Our pray'rs are slow because they're lame,  
 For which the parsons are to blame,  
 Who might have taught us to repeat  
 Pray'rs with much better legs and feet,  
 Howe'er they make a shift to follow  
 Injustice with a whoop and hollow ;  
 Altho' this fiery headlong madam,  
 Injustice, 'mongst the sons of Adam,  
 Makes curst work, yet pray'rs can heal  
 The mischiefs that she makes them feel ;  
 And he that won't their voices hear,  
 Jove often makes him pay full dear,  
 For then at private man or king  
 He lets injustice take her swing,  
 And, that no mortal may resist her,  
 Lends her a lawyer to assist her :  
 Then cease, my boy, to curse and swear,  
 And hear our lamentable pray'r ;  
 Had not the gen'ral made submission,  
 May I be fous'd to all perdition,  
 If I'd have spoke a single sentence,  
 In hopes to bring thee to repentance,

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For, had not fortune, ever fickle,  
 Now left him in a stincking pickle,  
 Not twenty guineas, I assure you,  
 Should make me plead against your fury;  
 But since he offers you so fairly,  
 And decks his presents out so rarely,  
 And since these curious things, d'ye see,  
 Are sent by no less man than me,  
 I would not have you shun the offer,  
 You'll ne'er refuse a better proffer;  
 And, lest you fail to nick the joint,  
 I'll just relate a case in point;

Upon a steep and rocky mountain,  
 Stands Calydon, beside a fountain;  
 Th' Ætolians strove to take the rock,  
 And warded many a bitter knock  
 From the Curetians; thus they hourly  
 Kept basting one another purely;  
 'Twas Cynthia's doing all, but whether  
 She set 'em by the ears together  
 For cheating her of some good suppers,  
 Or bumping one another's cruppers,  
 Like Sodom's sons, I can't I vow  
 Explain that matter clearly now;  
 But something set her so agog,  
 She sent a monstrous great he-pig,  
 That swallow'd ev'ry thing he found  
 Either above or under ground,

Tore their potatoes up by th' roots,  
 And all their apple-trees to boots,  
 And made no bones of sheep or geese,  
 But swallow'd feathers, horns, and fleece;  
 This pig, no matter where 'twas bred,  
 Dick Meleagar knock'd o' th' head;  
 Then all the bumpkins round came in,  
 And box'd like devils for the skin,  
 Brought out their pokers, spits, and ladles,  
 To gain the skin to make 'em saddles:  
 The bold Curetes, who had fully  
 Resolv'd to baste this kill-pig bulfy,  
 Got rarely 'nointed; then he swore  
 A bloody oath he'd fight no more,  
 But go and lead a quiet life  
 With dame Alcyone his wife;  
 Idas, her father, tho' a civil  
 And well-bred man, would box the devil;  
 Marpasa was her mother's name,  
 A handsome jolly country dame;  
 Now that trim singing rogue Apollo  
 This Idas' handsome wife did follow,  
 And one dark foggy night, when all  
 The family were out of call,  
 Jumbld her up against a wall;  
 Finding no help was nigh her, she  
 For that time took it patiently,

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But, because Idas did not chuse  
 To be a quiet Cheapside spouse,  
 And let him round his freehold range  
 To do his business whilst at 'Change;  
 I mean the business of his wife,  
 He plagu'd poor Idas all his life:  
 Very fine principles, you'll say,  
 Their godships had that time o' day;  
 For, bad as we are all, 'tis true,  
 They're thought vile rogues that do so now:  
 But Alethea, tho' his mother,  
 Because he chanc'd to kill her brother,  
 With cursing such a noise did keep,  
 He could not get a wink of sleep;  
 Legions of fiends her curses drew,  
 She curs'd till all the ground look'd blue,  
 And set up such a shrill-ton'd yell,  
 They plainly heard her voice in hell;  
 Her curses gave him such a diz'ness,  
 It made him quite neglect his bus'ness,  
 And spend his mornings, noons, and nights,  
 At Mother Welch's, or at White's:  
 Etolia, woefully oppress'd,  
 And to the last degree distress'd  
 By foes all round, intreat his aid,  
 And sent a swinging long parade  
 Of aldermanic wigs and gowns,  
 Collected from the neighb'ring towns;

And, for a wonder, he that led  
 This sweeping train had got a head :  
 They begg'd he'd come, with piteous tones,  
 And break their adversaries bones,  
 And would he prove a good peace-maker,  
 They'd freely give him fifty acre  
 Of as brave land as ever bore  
 A pile of grass, or crow flew o'er ;  
 But in these times they durst not mention  
 So vile an epithet as pension :  
 His father came and made a bow,  
 And all his sisters curt'fy'd too :  
 The cursing dame before him stood ;  
 But as for her he damn'd her blood,  
 As any man of spirit would :  
 His wife came last, and rubb'd her eye,  
 Then tun'd her pipe, and join'd the cry ;  
 Told him, if he won't come away,  
 The devil soon must be to pay ;  
 So fast, says she, the ruin spreads,  
 There soon must be a smash of heads ;  
 For when the men's hard heads are smack'd,  
 The maiden-heads will soon be crack'd,  
 And all the virgins in the town  
 Expect they shall be ravish'd soon ;  
 If therefore you'll this time preserve 'em,  
 At any time they'll let you serve 'em,

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And promise that they will not squeak,  
 Tho' you should ravish ten a week ;  
 But they would have you take great care  
 You do not touch a single hair  
 Of Polly W--de--k, lest some quack,  
 With brazen face and conscience black,  
 Should swear that he can tell by th' mark,  
 Whether you kiss'd her in the dark,  
 Or by broad day-light, and if she  
 Kick'd hard, or took it patiently.

At this he grasp'd his stick, and soon  
 Broke all their bones, and sav'd the town ;  
 But 'cause his coming was so tardy,  
 These same Etolians grew fool-hardy,  
 And tho' he sav'd both priest and church,  
 They left their saviour in the lurch,  
 Just as the bishops left their maker,  
 And shun'd the passage through Long Acre :  
 'Tis dang'rous, cries each wary chap,  
 To venture through the Devil's Gap \*,  
 The houses on both sides are all  
 So old, that like the Duke they'll fall,  
 And crush, perhaps, each reverend sot  
 That runs where nothing's to be got ;  
 Add Satan, always on the watch  
 The sons of any church to catch,

\* Through the Devil's Gap was the way to the Duke of Newcastle's.

Dines rarely when his cook can dish up  
A rev'rend brawny well-fed bishop.

But to return : From this great strait  
Pray help us ere it be too late ;  
Your arm will stand us in no stead  
After we all are knock'd o'th' head,  
Assist us therefore ere we faint,  
And you shall be a popish saint ;  
I ask'd the Pope if he knew where  
To find a day from saintship clear,  
He answer'd no, but he would make  
Some shift or other for your sake ;  
Not doubting but amongst the crew,  
To find a bigger rogue than you,  
If so, says he, 'twill be no sin  
To kick him out, and put you in.

Achilles then returns this answer ;  
My ever-honoured nurse and grandfire,  
You know I'm us'd to make a shift,  
And therefore want no bribe or gift ;  
If Jove and I are cater-cozens,  
The Greeks may hang themselves by dozens ;  
If he thinks fit, I here will lag  
As long as I a toe can wag,  
Or go wherever he shall lug me,  
But your old pate shall ne'er humbug me ;  
Therefore no more attempt to bubble  
Your loving friend, and give him trouble

For such a rogue as that Atrides,  
 A scoundrel dog, whose greatest pride is  
 To cheat and pilfer all he can,  
 And plunder every honest man ;  
 I little thought, old friend, not I,  
 You could for such a rascal cry :  
 Whether small beer or ale we drink,  
 My friend like me should always think ;  
 In this 'tis honest to colloque  
 To hate a dirty sneaking rogue ;  
 The very fellow that would do  
 Mischief to me, would hamstring you,  
 Because when Peleus dies, he knows  
 Half of my farm and cattle goes  
 To you by promise ; so Ulysses  
 Go tell your spitfire gen'ral this ;  
 My firm resolves, at break of day  
 Either to stay or go away ;  
 Then orders, as these words he said,  
 A pan of coals for Phoenix' bed.  
 Now, you must know, this fine oration  
 Put Ajax in a bitter passion ;  
 Blast my old boots, says he, but this is  
 A mighty pretty job, Ulysses !  
 We're sent by our wise-looking owls,  
 Only to make us April fools :  
 See what we've got for all our pain !  
 Rot me if e'er I'll cringe again :

No speech that we can make will stir him,  
 Were we to stay till doomsday for him,  
 Therefore 'tis proper we should go,  
 Whether they like his words or no,  
 And tell our friends the fine pallabber  
 That we just now have heard him jabber,  
 I'm sure that they, this foggy morn,  
 Are gaping hard for our return;  
 You see he is on mischief bent,  
 Such harden'd sinners ne'er repent,  
 His cronies and old secret-keepers  
 He minds no more than chimney sweepers,  
 Yet, smite my eyes, if any other  
 Should in a squabble lose a brother,  
 All the amends that's in folks power  
 Is made, and people ask no more:  
 If an own father lose his son,  
 As very oft, God knows, is done,  
 Should the damn'd rogue who did the deed  
 Chance to be rich enough to bleed  
 A good round sum, and comes to strike it,  
 The people make the father take it,  
 The hardest hearts but thine relent,  
 And money makes a judge repent;  
 But Jove has given thee a heart  
 Made of a plank of Pharaoh's cart:  
 One wench was stole, but what of that?  
 He offers seven full as fat,

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And fatter too, for all these wenches  
 Have broader buttocks by some inches,  
 With flesh so firm, without a hum,  
 I'd undertake upon the bum  
 Of any of those girls, d'ye see,  
 To beat a march, or crack a flea;  
 Come then, and be of better temper,  
 And don't be cross and sulky semper,  
 Else we shall say you give a bit  
 Of roast, and baste us with the spit;  
 Which sure must vex us to the heart,  
 Because we always take your part  
 So much, that when poor scoundrels rail  
 At your cross phiz, we seldom fail  
 Either to knock the rascals down,  
 Or with a broomstick crack their crown;  
 A rare short method I found out  
 To finish any long dispute.

Achilles thus: My bully rock,  
 Of all the Greeks the boldest cock,  
 In a bad cause you beat by far  
 Pitt's speeches for a German war;  
 But it won't do, a man that's wise  
 Will never be humbug'd by lies,  
 Such lies as from his tongue were sent  
 To hum the British P—;  
 Besides there's nought can vex me worse  
 Than to refuse my good old nurse,

But when that fellow's name I hear,  
 Spite of my guts my tongue will swear;  
 So much the rascal does provoke me,  
 My passion rises fit to choak me,  
 And would, but that we Grecians are  
 Such sons of freedom that we dare,  
 Like English mob, do any thing,  
 Blaspheme our God, or d—n our king;  
 The usage I have had much worse is  
 Than Oxford scholars use hack horses:  
 Cheated, because he chose to rob me,  
 And now sends you, my friends, to bob me;  
 But flux my hide if you shall do it,  
 I knew the dog would live to rue it;  
 Then tell the whelp, and tell him plain,  
 I'll never lift my hand again  
 Till Hector and his roaring crew  
 Have thump'd your sides all black and blue;  
 When all your boats in flames are crackling,  
 I'll stir to save my own old tackling;  
 And whilst with joy the Trojan chuckles,  
 Just then I'll make him feel my knuckles.  
 At this he put the mug about,  
 And beg'd they'd see the liquor out;  
 To keep their souls from growing dull  
 Each took a pretty hearty pull,  
 Then swash'd the leavings of that round  
 For a libation on the ground,

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A method I have heard folks say  
Our chairmen use to this good day;  
This done, they made a bow and went  
Full speed to find the gen'ral's tent;  
In the mean time a strapping jade  
Achilles call'd his chamber-maid,  
Spread on the ground for this old sinner  
Some sheep-skins borrow'd from a skinner,  
Of blankets then she brought a pair  
Full of great holes, and quite thread-bare,  
But yet they were, tho' bitter bad,  
The very best Achilles had;  
Howe'er, to keep th' old Grecian snug,  
From her own bed she spar'd a rug,  
With bugs, and grease, and sweat so full,  
It kept th' old soul as warm as wool;  
For he, in less than half an hour  
Began to crack, and snort, and snore:  
So loud, I'll take my oath the sound  
Was heard at least a furlong round:  
Achilles, maugre all his roaring,  
Kept the best room himself to snore in,  
Where stripping off his cloaths with speed, he  
Whipp'd into bed to Diomede,  
A Yorkshire girl, whose aukward motion  
So pleas'd the whelp, that I've a notion  
He better lik'd to sleep with her  
Than the fat jade they squabbl'd for;

Patroclus' bed was warm'd the last,  
 And he his nights in pleasure past  
 By a fair maiden's side call'd Iphis,  
 Where no such jars as with a wife is;  
 This girl was well content to share it,  
 And took it just as he could spare it,  
 For early in the morn she never  
 Cry'd, Lord, my dear, you'll sleep for ever.  
 Now Ajax and Ulysses put  
 The best leg forward to the hut,  
 Where the old soakers still kept drinking  
 To drown all cares; care comes by thinking:  
 Each man with glass in hand they found,  
 Standing to drink one bumper round;  
 One bumper more to crown the rest,  
 In English call'd the very best;  
 But, tho' the meaning is the same,  
 In Greek it bears another name;  
 I think my master, Doctor Bulby,  
 Us'd to pronounce it poliofusby:  
 Great Agamemnon spy'd 'em coming,  
 And bid 'em speak, and not stand humming.  
 On this sly Ithacus replies,  
 Smite all my limbs, and blast my eyes,  
 If such a fellow e'er was seen  
 As yon queer fellow where we've been,  
 The more we pray, the more he swears,  
 And grins to see us hang our ears;

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Because you said we should not want  
 His aid, he vow'd he would not grant  
 To such a noisy-brangling whelp.  
 As you, a single grain of help,  
 And swore, unless it was your brother,  
 On earth there was not such another  
 D—d blackguard scoundrel left alive,  
 The rest were hang'd in forty-five;  
 But what need he for help to call,  
 Whose clapper can outscold them all?  
 For when his tongue has once begun,  
 He'll make a Thames-street fish-wife run;  
 King Solomon himself doth say,  
 A scolding woman any day  
 Can drive an enemy away;  
 Now he that can in any weather  
 Outscold a dozen brims together,  
 Can surely make that Trojan whelp,  
 That Hector, run without my help,  
 Therefore i'th' morn when up you get,  
 Depend you'll see my mainsail set,  
 And if you've any prudence you  
 Will hoist your lighter's mainsail too,  
 For Jove, I speak it to his face,  
 Defends this whoring Trojan race;  
 He'll save these rascals from a scouring,  
 Because they, like himself, love whoring:

These were his words, what more appear'd  
 Both Ajax and the beadles heard;  
 But Phoenix in his tent he keeps,  
 Where for this night th' old fellow sleeps,  
 Tho' in the morn, he told us so,  
 He'll give him leave to stay or go:  
 Then added, tho' you should escape  
 Without his help from this d—d scrape,  
 And save your hide from being bang'd,  
 He hopes to live to see you hang'd.

Ulysses ceas'd, the congregation  
 Seem'd in a dreadful consternation;  
 Their eyes shew'd nothing but the whites,  
 Like Wesley and his Culamites;  
 A look of horror spread all o'er 'em,  
 As if they saw hell-fire before 'em,  
 And satan with a sable pack  
 Of long-tail'd devils at their back,  
 Ready with pitchforks to begin  
 To push them all by dozens in,  
 When up the bold Tydides sprung,  
 And in a twinkling found his tongue;  
 (No stammering orator would do,  
 A nimble tongue was wanting now)  
 So wild the Greeks began to stare,  
 He saw there was no time to spare,  
 So sprung up nimbly from his seat,  
 And found at once his tongue and feet:

Why should we sneak, and beg, and pray,  
 As if we had no other way?  
 This man with pride will crack his guts;  
 To him our prayers are eggs and nuts,  
 And to proud puppies, I am clear,  
 The more you pray, the more they swear.  
 Have you not done, Sir, all you can do,  
 And pray what more can Ferdinando?  
 Let him, since so much wrath attends him,  
 Sit sulky till the devil mends him;  
 Let him, since it belikes him well,  
 Stay where is, or go to hell;  
 We have it in our power to shew  
 We'll do as much as men can do;  
 Therefore to put us in good plight  
 For boxing, let us drink all night,  
 Boose it about to drown all sorrow,  
 Boxing will make us cool to-morrow:  
 Soon as the sun the welkin graces,  
 He'll find a sun in all our faces,  
 Painted so red with humming ale,  
 We'll make his fiery face look pale;  
 The god will stand amaz'd to think  
 Such virtue lies in mortal drink;  
 Nor shall he catch us without coats,  
 But looking sharp before the boats;  
 And you, Atrides, in the front  
 For once must stand and bear the brunt;

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For once, I say, we hope you'll do't,  
It is not oft we put you to't.

This speech produc'd a mighty shout,  
Whilst Diom. push'd the mug about:  
They drank, then rolling on the floor,  
Began like aldermen to snore.

END OF BOOK IX.

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# A R G U M E N T.

**FINDING** that no Achilles comes,

Poor Agamemnon bites his thumbs,  
And though his heavy eyes kept winking,  
He could not steal a nod for thinking;  
How he from this unlucky scrape  
Might with his ragged rogues escape;  
For as, says he, our woeful pickle  
Requires that ev'ry man should stickle,  
Why should our Grecian lazy dogs  
Keep snoring like distillers hogs,  
Whilst I for gen'ral good am watching,  
And fleaing all my rump with scratching?  
So up he gets, sans more ado,  
And sends the cuckold Menelau  
To bring their comrades all together,  
That they might club their noddles whether  
They ought in this great strait to stay,  
Or take good start and run away:  
A council call'd, they send from thence  
Two spies to steal intelligence;  
And steal they did, for by their prize  
You'd swear he sent two Yorksbire spies;  
For after stealing sev'ral purses,  
They stole a special pair of horses.

A R C U M E N T

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HOMER'S ILIAD.

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B O O K X.

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**T**HE Greeks, tho' sorely drubb'd all day,  
Asleep before their scullers lay,  
All but poor Agamemnon, who  
Could only nod a spell or so;  
Distracted with a thousand fears  
How to get off and save his ears,  
His fears did such a rumbling keep  
Within his guts; he could not sleep;  
As when a barrel of small beer,  
No matter whether foul or clear,  
Begins to leak, drop follows drop  
As fast as wanton schoolboys hop,  
So quick this valiant Greek kept sighing,  
At last he fairly fell a crying;

Then with a face of rueful length,  
Peep'd up to 'spy the Trojan's strength,  
When, to his wond'rous great amaze,  
He saw a thousand bonfires blaze,  
And heard so plain the Trojans fart,  
It vex'd him to the guts and heart  
To think the rogues were got so near,  
That he their very farts could hear,  
Which sound he hated full as much  
As Britons do the belching Dutch:  
Whilst he was grunting in dispute  
To hang himself, or fight it out,  
He almost lugg'd, at one smart pull,  
A pound of carrots from his scull,  
But finding that did little good,  
He fell to praying as he stood;  
Just as his second pray'r begun,  
Thinks he, by g——d we're all undone,  
If Nestor can't the Trojan's nick  
By some old square-toe'd slip'ry trick;  
On which he wrap'd his calves-hide in  
A jacket made of lion's skin,  
And then put on a pair of shoes,  
Such as St. Giles's statesmen use,  
With scarce a soal to keep out weather,  
And forty holes i'th' upper leather;  
His brother likewise found his tripes  
Most sorely twisted with the gripes.

Because the very Greeks that came  
 To fetch away his light-heel'd dame,  
 Were drawn into so bad a lay  
 They could not fetch themselves away;  
 To think they'd got in such a trap,  
 Disturb'd the honest Spartan's nap,  
 So out of bed in haste he got,  
 And quickly found the chamber-pot,  
 And whilst he made a little water  
 Took time to think about the matter,  
 For his schoolmaster, Peter Ashley,  
 Had taught him to do nothing rashly;  
 When this important job was done,  
 He put his greasy breeches on,  
 Next button'd underneath his chin  
 A very fierce-look'd leopard skin,  
 Then took a broomstick in his hand,  
 And trudg'd away along the Strand  
 To call his elder brother up,  
 When, lo ! he found the squabb'ling tup  
 Rear'd up against his lighter's side  
 Twisting a string, with which he ty'd  
 A rusty hanger to his side :  
 To him the Spartan thus begun,  
 What makes you put your dudgeon on ?  
 D'you think of sending out some spy  
 This dark and dismal night, to try

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Whether the Trojans watch are keeping,  
Or pay great idle whelps for sleeping:  
But who the pox d'ye think will move  
This dismal night? not I, by Jove:  
The hardest rogue in Fielding's gang,  
At such a task an a——e would hang.

The king replies, O Menelaus,  
I fear these Trojan rogues will pay us  
Both scot and lot for all our tricks,  
And baste us with their crabtree sticks:  
When cases, like our case, are bad  
The best of council must be had,  
Therefore, besides both —— and M——n,  
Above all things secure us N——n,  
Unless he's for us, d——n my blood  
If Belzebub can do us good,  
For if on t'other side you place him,  
You know the devil cannot face him!  
And Jove, you see, denies us help,  
But lends it to that Trojan whelp:  
Would ever man believe that one  
Could smoke us all as he has done?  
But yesterday that blust'ring scrub,  
What heaps of serjeants did he drub!  
The Sun, before his link went out,  
Saw how he kick'd us all about;  
And yet, like your's and mine, the bitch  
His dam, was never thought a witch,

Nor is his dad, that queer old cur,  
 A wizard, or a conjurer,  
 Yet unborn Greeks, before they're gotten,  
 Shall wish the rascal dead and rotten,  
 Because his laming all our nation  
 Will make a limping generation:  
 Don't stand a moment to consider,  
 But send me bully Ajax hither;  
 Next hasten to Idomeneus,  
 And hurry him away to see us:  
 To Nestor I will go before ye;  
 He's telling some long trimtram story,  
 Such as at any time he'll make  
 To keep the drunken watchmen 'wake;  
 For that's his task to-night, and there  
 I'm sure th' old cock will shew his care;  
 But more especially that entry  
 Where Merion and his son stand sentry.

Thus spoke the king, and Menelau  
 Replies: Pray, brother, when I go,  
 And all your orders safely carry,  
 Must I return, or must I tarry?

Tarry, be sure, replies the brother,  
 We else shall miss of one another;  
 The night is rather thick than clear,  
 And candles are excessive dear;  
 The very last half pound we bought  
 You fetch'd yourself, and paid a groat;

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Besides our lanthorns were, you know,  
All broke to shatters long ago;  
But we must shift without 'em, now  
What I would recommend to you,  
Is all our ragged rogues to chear,  
Tell 'em what whelps their fathers were;  
For us, since things so bad are got,  
We e'en must work, or go to pot;  
Jove has decreed that man must labour,  
And kings by chance must help their neighbours;  
In former days 'twas often done,  
But now as often let alone,  
Necessity has driv'n me to't;  
Or I'd as soon be hang'd as do't.  
Away then Agamemnon goes,  
But first he clapp'd within his jaws  
A plug of Hobson's best tobacco,  
Then found old Nestor in a cracko,  
Stretch'd in his hammock snug he found him,  
With clubs, oak-sticks, and broomstaves round  
him:  
Like an old coachman, tho' unable  
To drive, yet loves the smell o' th' stable,  
Th' old firelock on his guard did keep;  
A sprike, call'd fear, prevented sleep;  
He lean'd his head upon his hand,  
And call'd aloud, Plague on you, stand!  
Say, who the pox are you that keep  
Strolling about whilst folks should sleep?

Perhaps you're some poor hungry thief,  
 Whose nose has smelt my leg of beef;  
 If so, you've nos'd it mighty soon,  
 'Twas only bak'd this afternoon;  
 Or do you haunt some other prey,  
 Or seek some sentry run away;  
 Be who you will it would undo ye,  
 If I should make the moon shine thro' ye.

Then Agamemnon thus replies;  
 I'll tell thee all without disguise;  
 And thou in whom our nation glories  
 For telling Canterbury stories,  
 Shalt hear a tale as lamentable  
 As any thou thyself art able  
 To find in all thy endless budget,  
 With patience listen then, and judge it:  
 For curst ill fortune now astride is  
 Across the back of poor Atrides;  
 And Jove resolves, tho' e'er so stout,  
 With rubs and cuffs to wear him out:  
 On my tir'd knees my body rocks,  
 My heart against my liver knocks;  
 On fifty things I poring keep,  
 But cannot get a wink of sleep,  
 And find myself so plaguy queer,  
 I'm neither easy here nor there,  
 But dying with the mullygrubs  
 Because the Greeks have met such rubs;



Now if thy cunning nob should teem  
 With any pretty likely scheme,  
 How to repair this last day's scrubbing,  
 And save us such another drubbing,  
 Give us your good advice with speed,  
 A friend in need's a friend indeed;  
 And then, old buff, we'll go together  
 To hearten those who're watching whether  
 These damn'd infernal Trojan tartars  
 May not by night beat up our quarters.  
 Th' old cock replies, I've often said it,  
 You must give Jove a little credit;  
 He's sometimes cross, but altogether  
 He best can rule both wind and weather:  
 This Hector, tho' he hector now,  
 God help his soul, what will he do?  
 When bold Achilles comes to fight him,  
 I'll answer for't he'll soon b—sh—te him:  
 Be that as't may, just here I stand  
 Your humble servant at command;  
 But let us summon for this bout  
 Some other bucks to help us out;  
 That canting lying rogue Ulysses,  
 At such a woeful pinch as this is,  
 Will help us greatly with his cunning;  
 Then bold Oileus, fam'd for running;  
 There's Meges too, a strong-back'd whelp,  
 With Diomed, will lend us help;

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But let some other spark, d'ye see,  
 With nimbler heels than you or me,  
 Run to the r'other end o'th' fleet,  
 And call the constable of Crete;  
 With bully Ajax, or some other,  
 I'll rouse that drowsy whelp your brother,  
 And hear what lame excuse he'll make  
 For snoring when he should awake;  
 Now, as these broils were of his brewing,  
 He ought to do what you are doing,  
 Should keep himself upon the peep,  
 And share in work as well as sleep;  
 For at this dreadful pinch of pinches,  
 We all are lost if one man finches.

To whom the king: Without dispute  
 You're often right, but now you're out;  
 My brother is, to speak the truth,  
 A very modest harmless youth,  
 And ne'er presumes to take the lead,  
 Because he knows that I'm the head,  
 But when his leader shews the way  
 He's always ready to obey;  
 You blame him oft, which you are right in,  
 For loving whoring more than fighting,  
 Altho' it's what we all delight in;  
 But yesterday's confounded scramble  
 So made his great and small guts wamble,

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He could not lay in bed, nor he,  
 So up he got, and call'd on me;  
 Then posted forward with intention  
 To rouse the very whelps you mention;  
 And whilst we idly here are prating,  
 I'll hold a tester they are waiting  
 At th' alehouse underneath the wall,  
 Where I a council bad them call,  
 And 'speak some hot-pots for us all;  
 There they may sit secure and snug;  
 The watchmen for a single mug  
 Will look so sharp, you need not fear 'em,  
 They'll let no Trojan rogues come near 'em:  
 Hot-pots, says Nestor! by Apollo,  
 If that's the case, we'll quickly follow;  
 I'll in a twinkling put my coat on,  
 These jobbs, the moment they are thought on  
 Should be perform'd, as soon as told,  
 Or else the hot-pots may grow cold;  
 With that his gummy eyes he washes,  
 And cas'd his legs in spatterdashies,  
 Then on his arms began to pull  
 An old red waistcoat lin'd with wool;  
 And ere he left the tent he took  
 A sapling of the toughest oak:  
 Then thro' the drowsy crowd he pass'd,  
 And call'd Ulysses out in haste;

Ulysses starting heard his voice,  
And ran to see who made such noise.

Old dad, says Ithacus, I'm sorry  
To find your beard in such a hurry;  
You must be in a woeful fright;  
To wander out so late at night;  
Those scoundrel rogues of reformation,  
The pest of our's and ev'ry nation,  
Durst hardly, tho' so vile a crew,  
Disturb so grave a man as you.

When Nestor answers: Our bad station  
Requires indeed a reformation;  
But tho' thy cunning pate, Ulysses,  
To trace out knowledge seldom misses,  
In whatsoever shape she dwells,  
As folks guess eggs by seeing shells,  
Yet now you're plaguy wide o' th' mark,  
For let me tell you, ev'ry spark  
Of roguery in your crafty nob  
We want to mend this last day's job;  
All the calves brains that Jove e'er gave us  
Must be employ'd this night to save us;  
We must, 'fore George, before 'tis day,  
Resolve to fight or run away,  
And if it should be found, upon  
A consultation, we should run,  
As I am fearful we must mog off,  
The sooner then, my friends, we jog off.

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The better; for when folks depart  
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The moment that Ulysses heard  
This speech from honest grizzle-beard,  
He turn'd upon his heel, and went  
To fetch his potlid from his tent,  
Made of a curious old coach pannel,  
Painted without, and lin'd with flannel,  
Then join'd the noble captains twain,  
And trotted with them o'er the plain:  
Quickly bold Diomed they found  
Close by his tent, upon the ground,  
With all his bloods and bucks around;  
But that no man would trust him much,  
The figure of his crew was such,  
You'd think the chief had got a pack  
Of bailiffs followers at his back;  
In spite of fear they slept secure,  
A mile at least you'd hear 'em snore;  
Around the circle stood a row  
Of broomstaves, stuck upright for shew:  
The honest Grecian, void of pride,  
Lay snug upon an old cow hide,  
And for a pillow roll'd a piece  
Of linsy-woolsey brought from Greece;  
Old goody Nestor with his foot  
Gave him a d—d hard kick o'th' gut  
To wake him, but could hardly do't;

Then halloo's to the snoring tup,  
 For God's sake fall a-getting up;  
 How can you lie, you sleepy dog,  
 Snoring like Farmer Blake's fat hog?  
 Whilst all your comrades, tho' they've drunk so,  
 Can't get a wink of sleep they funk so,  
 Because Troy's rogues on yonder hill  
 Can lug your ears just when they will.

Tydides, in a mighty pother,  
 Pull'd one eye open, then the other;  
 Then to old grey-beard 'gan to swear,  
 D—n your old soul, what brought you here?  
 If 'tis resolv'd no man shall sleep,  
 But every buck on guard must keep,  
 Send younger puppies to awake 'em,  
 Your gouty legs can't undertake 'em;  
 They sleep so sound that you must kick 'em,  
 Or take a corking pin to prick 'em.

Nestor replies: My friend, d'ye see,  
 I thank you for your care of me;  
 I might, I know, have got my son  
 To do what I've at present done,  
 Or if no better could be had,  
 They offer'd me the butcher's lad;  
 But matters now so bad are grown,  
 That we no noddles but our own  
 Can trust; affairs are out of joint,  
 We stand upon a needle's point,

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And therefore each in this disaster  
 Must shew himself a balance-master,  
 Like Prussia's king, for in this jumble  
 If we don't stand we're sure to tumble;  
 Yet, as you think I'm grown too old  
 To trudge about in nights so cold,  
 So soon as you have don'd your brogues,  
 Jog off, and rouse the other rogues;  
 Thy nimbler heels may useful be,  
 Serving the state, is serving me;  
 By different roads men serve the state,  
 Some ply their heels, and some their pate;  
 When jobs are doing for the court,  
 And statesmen fear that ayes run short,  
 Some loon's employ'd t'amuse the house  
 With a fine speech not worth a louse,  
 Asks if the king bestow'd that post on  
 A proper man, to make the most on  
 The pious canting knaves at Boston,  
 Or if the India Company  
 This year must pay another fee;  
 Whilst S—l—n's nimble heels begin  
 To fetch the ayes by dozens in,  
 Searches all holes, you need not fear him,  
 And ev'ry bawdy house that's near him,  
 Takes no excuse, but makes them limp in,  
 And leave all bus'ness, 'ho' they're pimping.

He said ; when lo ! the valiant knight  
 Jump'd from his cow-skin bolt upright ;  
 Then with a wooden skewer did pin  
 Across his back a shaggy skin,  
 Which he had plunder'd in great wrath  
 From an old lion starv'd to death ;  
 Then grasp'd a cudgel in his hand,  
 And scowr'd full speed along the strand ;  
 Away to Meges tent he steers,  
 And laid fast hold on both his ears,  
 Gave his cod's head a hearty shake,  
 Then kick'd the lesser Ajax 'wake,  
 Help'd 'em to fumble on their shoes,  
 Then hy'd to the place of rendezvous,  
 A penny pot-house, known by all,  
 And by 'em call'd the Hole i' th' Wall ;  
 And now the chiefs approach'd the gate  
 Where twenty ragged sentries sat,  
 A sharp look-out the knaves did keep,  
 Fear would not let them fall asleep ;  
 Thus have I seen, if right I judge it,  
 A cur-dog guard a tinker's budget ;  
 The thief to steal the budget tries,  
 Yet cannot gain the weighty prize ;  
 Turn as he may, do what he will,  
 The mongrel guards the budget still ;  
 Just so these loons at ev'ry sound  
 Would whip their eyes and ears around ;

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Tho' the least noise did so affright 'em,  
 It made the better half beth—e 'em;  
 Old Nestor joy'd to find 'em wake,  
 And each man by the hand did shake,  
 Tho' had his nose been worth the keeping,  
 He soon had smelt what barr'd their sleeping;  
 However, at his usual rate,  
 The good old soul began to prate:

My boys, says he, if thus you watch,  
 These Trojan rogues will meet their match;  
 But if you slack your hands a jot,  
 I'll venture to be hang'd or shot,  
 If ev'ry soul don't go to pot.  
 Just as he spoke, this queer old bitch  
 Gave a great jump across the ditch;  
 His comrades follow'd on a heap,  
 Some straddl'd o'er, but most did leap,  
 All but great Ajax, slow and stout,  
 He tumbld in, then tumbld out;  
 Last Merion came in mighty fufs,  
 Join'd with that whelp Antilochus:  
 A place they found, which all that day  
 Had shar'd but little cudgel play,  
 The very spot, as we conjecture,  
 Where Mistress Night stopp'd bully Hector;  
 And had he not been so o'ertaken,  
 Nought could have sav'd the Grecians bacon;

Nor would he, since he'd got his hand in,  
 Have left a single Grecian standing;  
 No other spot on all the plains  
 Was free from blood, and mud, and brains:  
 Here they sat down, when Nestor's tongue  
 Its usual kind of larum rung.  
 Is there, says he, an heart of oak  
 'Mongst us, is there a bully rock  
 Dares steal into the Trojan camp,  
 Without the aid of link or lamp,  
 To seize some straggler in the dark,  
 Or listen, and their council mark,  
 Whether they think we've got enough,  
 Or still design to work our buff?  
 This could he learn, and tell our peers,  
 And safe return with both his ears,  
 What an amazing share of glory  
 Would fall to him in future story,  
 When good old wives shall tell the tale  
 O'er roasted eggs and butter'd ale!  
 Beside his country would bestow  
 A quarter guinea, if not two;  
 And he should always have th' first cut on ball  
 Our Sunday's leg of rotten mutton.  
 He spoke; when lo! the goddess Fear,  
 Did with so pale a face appear,  
 It made 'em look confounded queer,

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All but the bold Tydides, who  
 Brawls out, by Jupiter I'll go,  
 In spite of your pale phiz, and try  
 What weighty matters I can spy:  
 Within my breast a spirit lies  
 That tells me I shall steal some prize,  
 Not such a spright as moves the quaker,  
 To preach to sister Ruth, then take her  
 Into some private place, and shake her:  
 Mine is a knowing honest spright,  
 As true as Highland second sight;  
 But tho' I'm not afraid, yet mind me,  
 A trusty comrade you must find me,  
 Because, by ev'ry fool 'tis known,  
 Two heads are twice as good as one;  
 When one stands forward, one abaft,  
 They spy all matters fore and aft;  
 What's right a head I need but mind,  
 My friend looks sharp to all behind:  
 Then if we fall into a scrape,  
 We help each other to escape;  
 When one poor thief goes out alone,  
 I've known him like a devil run,  
 And burst himself, before he feels  
 There's nought but conscience at his heels;  
 But when there's two, we know for certain  
 A scoundrel can a scoundrel hearten;

If that's the case with thieves, pray then,  
What won't it do for honest men?

The moment this harangue was done,  
Up jump'd the captains ev'ry one:  
For as one man was only wanted,  
That each would 'scape they took for granted:  
I'll go, says bully Ajax, d——n me;  
And I, says little Ajax, slam me;  
Cries Merion, with a furious nod,  
I'll venture my calf-skin, by g——d;  
Then roar'd out chatt'ring Nestor's son,  
Sowse my old pluck, but I'll make one;  
At which the cuckold Menelau  
Shrugg'd up his breeks, and swore he'd go;  
That crafty dog, Ulysses, knowing  
Great odds would be against his going,  
Puts on his fighting face, and cries,  
I'll take my chance, boys, smite my eyes:  
When thus great Agamemnon bellows,  
Now, by my soul, you're clever fellows;  
But the bold Diomed himself  
Must point us out what sturdy elf  
Will likeliest be to stand the test,  
And back his knotty pate the best,  
Therefore, fans favour and affection,  
Take thou, my boy, thy own election;  
'Twixt man and man, pay thou no deference,  
Nor give to any lord the preference,

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Unless it suit thy own accord,  
 But not because he is a lord;  
 For you, as well as I, can scan  
 Ribbands and stars can't make a man;  
 A lord will never prove your friend,  
 Unless you can yourself defend:  
 If you're in want of help he's sure  
 To bid his porter shut the door:  
 The gen'ral thus his fears did smother,  
 Lest he should chuse his loving brother.

Then thus says Diomed the steady,  
 My lord, I've made my choice already,  
 Nor think my judgment much amiss is,  
 When I declare I chuse Ulysses;  
 They tell me I have spunk enough,  
 But he can plot as well as cuff,  
 Which makes the Trojans more afraid  
 Of his queer noddle, than his blade;  
 Guarded by such a bold defender  
 I'll face Old Nick, or if he'll send her,  
 Get twins upon the witch of Endor.

Ulysses cries, My friend, hush! hush!  
 You'd make a modest fellow blush;  
 None but a courtier, or his grace,  
 Can bear such praising to his face;  
 But whilst we chatter thus and prate,  
 We never dream it grows so late.

White streaks the bluish sky do wrinkle,  
 And the north star begins to twinkle;  
 If any thing we think of doing,  
 It's time, by Jove, we should be going.

No sooner was it said than done:  
 They whipp'd their greasy buff-coats on;  
 When Thrasymed, a man of note,  
 A potlid and a broomstick brought,  
 Which he the varlet Diom. lent;  
 Then for an old church bucket sent,  
 With dirt and mouldy grease o'erspread;  
 This serv'd to case his leather head:  
 Ulysses next was fitted out  
 With a tough broomshaft for this bout;  
 When Merion, that he nought might lack,  
 Hung him a bow upon his back;  
 And then, to guard his paper skull,  
 Lent him a cap well lind with wool,  
 A cap made wondrous fine before,  
 With two grim tushes of a boar;  
 This scull-cap, tho' not worth a louse,  
 Was stole by one Antolychus  
 From rich Amyntor, and the knave  
 The prize to Amphidamus gave;  
 To Molus, Amphidamus lent it,  
 And he to valiant Merion sent it;  
 By Merion it was given now  
 To guard this fly old soaker's brow.

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Away they went, tho' half beplint,  
 And trotted through a thick Scotch mist;  
 When from the middle of a bush,  
 With noise and flutter, out did rush  
 A bird, so large and fierce, it made  
 This pair of bully Greeks afraid;  
 Tho' 'twas so dark they could not spy  
 What bird it was by the naked eye,  
 Yet quickly by the voice they heard  
 'Twas a Scotch nightingale that scar'd  
 Their valiant hearts so much, that they  
 Had turn'd about to run away,  
 When fly Ulysses, vext to th' soul  
 To be so frighten'd by an owl,  
 Like a queer rogue did quickly start up  
 A special scheme to keep his heart up,  
 Swore it would be a lucky night,  
 Because she took a turn to th' right;  
 Had she to the left hand made a ring,  
 He still had sworn the self same thing;  
 But here we do not find he stopt,  
 For on his knappers down he dropt,  
 Then, like a canting knave in town,  
 Cock'd one eye up and t'other down,  
 Daughter, says he, of thund'ring Jove,  
 Who holds you all in awe above,  
 (For did he not the scales keep even,  
 You'd out o'th' windows throw all heaven)

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Thou who hast aided my escape,  
From many a bitter bang and scrape,  
Assist us, whilst this night we roam  
To steal and carry something home,  
That Trojans yet unborn may rue  
The loss of goods they never knew.

Then Diomed began to pray,  
But spoke just as a man may say :  
Daughter of Jove, began he too,  
Why mayn't I say my prayers to you,  
As well as this queer dog Ulysses?  
Who, I've a notion, never misses  
To pray for aught that he may want,  
Because you seldom fail to grant;  
And therefore, as he leads the way,  
I'll try a spell how I can pray,  
Tho' being us'd so little to't,  
I shall be damn'd hard switch'd to do't;  
And would much rather, you are sure,  
Box a whole week than pray an hour;  
But stop—a-hem, I have it now;  
Daughter of thund'ring Jove, as you  
Did often help my little dad,  
I hope you won't forsake his lad;  
For when to Thebes he took a walk  
With their chief constables to talk,  
He went embassador from Greece  
To make, or else to patch a peace;

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For in those days our records shew  
 Peace might be patch'd as well as now;  
 But tho' he spoke in peaceful fashion,  
 They quickly put him in a passion,  
 On which he drubb'd those foes to Greece;  
 And gave them two black eyes a peice;  
 Now as thou didst my father help,  
 Prithce assist his hopeful whelp,  
 And by my soul, as I'm a sinner,  
 I'll ask you to a handsome dinner;  
 I'll kill a cow both fat and good,  
 And you shall have the guts and blood;  
 Thus Diomed, tho' hard put to't,  
 A middling pray'r at last made out;  
 And Pallas, as it plain appears,  
 Listen'd to both with both her ears;  
 Then like two hungry half-starv'd cats,  
 Who long to be amongst the rats,  
 They crept, as if they trod on eggs,  
 Through heaps of mangled arms and legs.  
 Now Hector from the close of day  
 Was looking sharp as well as they,  
 And would sleep none, you need not doubt him;  
 But call'd his bloods and bucks about him;  
 When thus the mighty Trojan, Broughton,  
 Began a speech they little thought on:  
 My lads, says he, I would not wrong ye,  
 But I'm afraid there's not among ye

A brave bold-hearted buck that's willing  
 To risque his ears, and earn a shilling,  
 By looking sharp among these fighters,  
 And learn what's doing in their lighters,  
 'Spy if a proper watch they keep,  
 Or like good city watchmen sleep,  
 What resolution is begun,  
 Whether the rogues will stand or run?  
 By him that rolls the rumbling thunder,  
 I'll give him choice of all the plunder;  
 Himself shall chuse from all the rest  
 The cart that suits his fancy best.

Just as he spoke, their eyes were all on  
 A simple yongster fix'd, call'd Dolon,  
 Who was, they say, the only lad  
 The usurer Eumedes had,  
 But he had five fine girls beside,  
 As any man would wish to ride;  
 The boy had carts and horses store,  
 And yet the bastard wanted more:  
 Tho' he was not so handsome quite  
 As Molly ——'s catamite,  
 Yet he had got (I scorn to wrong 'em)  
 The longest pair of legs among 'em.

Hector, says he, and puff'd his cheeks,  
 I'll go among these sweaty Greeks:  
 But hold your broomstaff in your hand,  
 And swear to grant me my demand;

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For you must know, good Sir, my will is met  
 To have the horses of Achilles, and to keep  
 And his fine cart with painted rails, and to send  
 All stuck with spanking great brass nails: which  
 Say but the word, they shall be mine, I swear  
 I'll quickly smoke out their design, and cover  
 I'll steal, by such temptations led, with an eye  
 Under their gen'ral's truckle bed, and wed.

His broomstaff then above his head he held  
 Great Hector flourish'd, whilst he said, before  
 Be witness thou, whose rumbling thunder  
 Makes wicked reprobates kneel under,  
 Drives the vile scoundrels helter skelter  
 To ale and cyder vaults for shelter,  
 I promise, ere the Greeks we fall on,  
 To give these flags to honest Dolon.

Thus Hector swore; but Jove, they say,  
 Was looking then another way;  
 Whether some bullocks guts were burning,  
 Or that way his head was turning,  
 Or saw some ruddy country lass  
 That took his eye so much, he was  
 Contriving how to get a rope-a-dog  
 Or bull her, as he did Europa:  
 Be that as it may, his chuckle head  
 Heard not a word that Hector said;  
 How'er the lad prepar'd to pack,  
 So slung his bow across his back,

Then o'er his narrow shoulders ty'd, nor coy nor  
To keep him warm, a grey wolf's hide;  
A brown fur cap, well lin'd within, and aid but  
With rabbit, or else weazle's skin;  
Serv'd his mishapen pate to grace, and hid his  
And cover'd half his weazle face;  
With an oak stick he grop'd the track,  
And went,---but never yet came back;

A mile he walk'd not, nor three quarters,  
Before he met this pair of tartars;  
Ulysses, that fly lurching dog,  
Heard first, and gave a gentle jog  
To Diomed; then whispering cries,  
Flux me, but both my ears tell lies,  
If I don't hear a pair of feet.  
Come paddling this way to the fleet,  
Some peeping whelp, like us, agoing,  
To see what t'other side are doing,  
Or pilf'ring rogue stole out of bed,  
To pick the pockets of the dead;  
Be what he will, we'll here lay snug,  
Let him but pass, we have him rug;  
For when we've got the heedless whelp  
So far, he can't roar out for help,  
If he should run, do you but follow,  
I'll answer for't you beat him hollow;  
But if he slips you in the track,  
I'll stay and catch him coming back;

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At this they stepp'd along the grass,  
 And stoop'd to let poor Dolon pass;  
 Go where he would these sharpers mind him,  
 And follow pretty close behind him;  
 There was not, could the eye have seen 'em,  
 Above a rood of land between 'em:  
 Now Dolon heard a sort of humming,  
 But thought some messenger was coming  
 To fetch him back, but soon the loud  
 Began to smell the rascals out,  
 Smell 'em, I say, because they tell us  
 The Greeks were dev'lish sweaty fellows,  
 Therefore no wonder he so well  
 Could nose 'em by their frowly smell;  
 On which a strong desire he feels  
 To trust his good old friends, his heels:  
 Away the long-legg'd varlet flew,  
 Whilst they, like staunch old hounds, pursue;  
 Cut short the ground he scamper'd over,  
 And met him as he made to cover;  
 And thus, in spite of all his heels,  
 They drove him 'mongst the Grecian keels:  
 When Pallas came to Diomed,  
 Says she, you run a hellish speed,  
 But this same spark, if I speak true, can  
 Run half as fast again as you can,  
 And, if a race you longer hazard,  
 Split me, but he will burst your mazard;

Then, when you've almost run him down,  
Some other Greek will crack his crown.

At this he roars with threatening hand:  
You cursed dog, if you don't stand,  
The moment that your long legs fail ye,  
Blast my old slippers but I'll nail ye.  
His trusty broomstaff then he threw,  
Which over Dolon's shoulder flew,  
But whiz'd so as it pass'd his ear,  
It stak'd him to the ground with fear;  
Trembling he stood a dev'lish odd piece,  
Whilst his teeth chatter'd in his c— piece:  
The bullies, almost burst with trying  
T'outrun him, came and seiz'd him crying

Blubb'ring he roars; You see I won't  
Run any more, so pray ye don't  
Hurt a poor hopeful harmless lad,  
And I can tell you my old dad  
Will give you each an half-peck hopper  
Brimful of excellent good copper,  
None of your Birmingham affairs,  
Nor any such like shabrag wares,  
But good new halfpence from the mint,  
With honest George's face in print;  
My daddy all the copper handles  
That we receive for soap and candles,  
Picks out the good ones from the pack,  
And turns the Birminghams all back:

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Or if by chance a few are taken,  
He pops 'em off for cheese and bacon.

Uly, whose ears would hear no stopper,  
When money chink'd, altho' but copper,  
At present makes this queer reply;  
Be bold, my cock, don't fear to die;  
But tell us why, instead of sleeping,  
You chuse to spend your time in peeping.  
Did Hector's bribes set you a going?

To find what bus'ness we were doing?  
Or by yourself, whilst all are snoring,  
You're got upon some scheme of whoring?  
Or are you some poor lousy soul,  
Sprung up from Hockley in the Hole,  
Come to steal waistcoats from the dead,  
To pawn for porter, cheese, and bread?  
Tell us, my boy, and tell us true,  
And then you'll see what we shall do.

Whilst Dolon took some time to pause,  
His grinders rattling in his jaws,  
With doleful phiz at last he speaks:  
I'll tell you all, thrice worthy Greeks!  
'Twas Hector, curse his pimpled face!  
That sent me to this luckless place;  
He promis'd me, confound his brags!  
That pair of flaming pye-bald nags  
Achilles bought of Farmer Saul;  
He promis'd me the cart and all;

Those damn'd brasse lacquer'd nails that shine,  
 And made his cart so flaming fine,  
 Tempted my loggerhead to come  
 And leave a good warm bed at home,  
 Only to find if Madam Fear  
 Had made ye run, or kept you here,  
 Or if there was a chance of snapping  
 A proper time to catch you napping.

Body o' me! Ulysses cries,  
 You ask'd the devil of a prize;  
 How couldst thou be so strangely flamm'd?  
 Thou drive his horses! thou be d——d!  
 Did you not know, you stupid elf,  
 No man alive, except himself,  
 Can either drive his tits, or catch 'em?  
 Bever himself could never match 'em:  
 But he can stop 'em with a twitch,  
 'Cause got upon a water witch;  
 Had he been mortal man, I know,  
 They'd broke his neck some years ago:  
 But, if you'd have me your protector,  
 Say where the great kill-devil Hector  
 Goes ev'ry night to drink a pot;  
 How many geldings has he got?  
 For whilst the drunken officers nod,  
 We'll steal 'em if we can, by g——d:  
 Where do the other captains sleep?  
 How many watchmen do they keep?

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But tell us truly, whilst you're doing,  
 What kind of mischief they are brewing;  
 Whether they'll stay to cut our throats,  
 And burn our crazy rotten boats,  
 Or think 'tis better to employ  
 Their strength to guard their whore's nest Troy.

Thus spake Ulysses; and this Dolon,  
 Whom these two rogues design'd to fall on,  
 Cries, like a coward son of whore,  
 I'll you all the truth, and more:  
 Upon a grave-stone near yon farm,  
 Kicking their heels to keep them warm,  
 I left the captains all with Hector,  
 Clubbing their pates, as I conjecture,  
 How they may rid the Trojan shores  
 Of all you Grecian sons of whores;  
 As to the watchmen, a small share  
 Are thinly scatter'd here and there,  
 And e'en those few that watch should keep,  
 Like city watchmen, soundly sleep;  
 The Trojans guard the sentry boxes,  
 For fear the Greeks should trim their doxies;  
 But all the foreigners, who're come  
 To help us, left their wives at home,  
 For, 'as one woman caus'd the rout  
 That all this mischief is about,  
 Should we our wenches bring, think they,  
 The devil then will be to pay,

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For mischief's never in perfection,  
 Unless when under their direction;  
 Therefore in leaving them we find  
 They left their greatest plagues behind,  
 And now they sleep as free from care  
 As if your Greekships were not near.  
 Then, says Ulysses, tell, I pray,  
 Where do those sleeping fellows lay;  
 Amongst the Trojans do they snore,  
 Or by themselves along the shore?  
 I'll tell you all, replies the spy,  
 And how their raggamuffins lye:  
 The Peons first, who shoot their arrows  
 So true, they hit tom-tits or sparrows;  
 The Carions, sharp as wolves or falcons  
 At beef and pudding; then the Caucons  
 With the Pelasgians, hardy mortals  
 At drinking punch, and eating turtles,  
 A task that they perform so well  
 All corporations they excel,  
 By them great \*\*\*\*\* would be beat in  
 Both guzzling punch, and turtle eating;  
 As for the Leleges, they lye  
 Along the shore; and pretty nigh,  
 A little higher, snores the Lycian,  
 With the Mæonian, and the Mycian;  
 Quite snug, near Thymbra's old mud wall,  
 The Phrygian horse are there; and all

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 VOL. II

The Thracians pig in by themselves;  
 A set of roaring, sturdy elves,  
 That came last night, led on by Rhesus,  
 A fellow twice as rich as Creesus;  
 In your born days you never saw  
 Such milk-white tits, they beat the snow;  
 With silver all his cart is grac'd,  
 And his buff jacket double lac'd.  
 Now you have heard my mournful ditty,  
 I hope you'll spare a little pity;  
 Keep me in limbo till you try  
 If I don't scorn to tell a lye,

When bully Diomed replies,  
 May Hector knock out both my eyes  
 If I've a grain of pity now  
 For such a sneaking rogue as you:  
 Should you escape us both to-night,  
 Such rogues as you will never fight,  
 But sure as eggs, whilst folks are sleeping,  
 We both again should catch thee peeping.

The moment that these words he said,  
 He from his shoulders whipp'd his head,  
 Which at that time for grace was seeking,  
 So as it fell continued speaking,  
 And even on the ground lay mutt'ring,  
 And for a minute good kept sputt'ring,  
 But chang'd its tone, and with an oath  
 Bid the great devil fetch them both;

Quickly these champions made a snap  
 At both the grey wolf's skin and cap,  
 Whilst Diom. seiz'd his bow and slick,  
 Ulysses did his pocket pick,  
 In which he found a silver penny,  
 But 'stead of owning he found any,  
 He set his roguish plotting head  
 To work, to cheat poor Diomed.

Tydidēs, says this face of gallows,  
 One day as I held chat with Pallas,  
 She told me, maugre all her care,  
 Her goat-skin coat was worn thread-bare,  
 She therefore would be much my debtor  
 If I another coat could get her,  
 As for her part, she does not care  
 Whether I get it in Rag-Fair,  
 Or Monmouth-Street, or any where,  
 So it comes cheap, for times are now  
 As hard above stairs, as below;  
 Not one of all the royal pages  
 But wants six quarters of his wages,  
 Occasion'd by a thriving band,  
 That keep the money in their hand;  
 Now, since the goddess is hard set  
 A coat of any kind to get,  
 What better can she have than these?  
 Which we'll present her, if you please;

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Then, without waiting a reply,  
 He pray'd, and upward cock'd his eye:  
 Broughtonian queen! receive these goods,  
 And do not leave us in the fuds;  
 But help us now to mind our hits,  
 And boldly steal these Thracian tits,  
 Nor suffer any Trojan scrub  
 Thy true and trusty liquires to drub;  
 If they should come before we've done,  
 The business we are now upon,  
 Do you but keep the whelps in play,  
 And we'll take care to run away,  
 'Twill only be a grateful deed  
 To help us in this time of need,  
 Because of all the sky-bred crew,  
 We lay our pray'rs the first to you.

With sapient face, so saying, he  
 Hung the wolf's hide upon a tree,  
 Tho' not so high but he could reach it,  
 Pallas he knew would never fetch it;  
 Then scatter'd reeds along the track,  
 To help to guide their rogueships back:  
 Now o'er the field they sculk away,  
 Like bailiffs hunting for their prey:  
 They found the Thracians in a trench,  
 Snoring like judges on the bench;  
 A broomstaff lay at each man's side,  
 And to their carts their nags were ty'd:

The luckless Rhesus soon they spy  
Amongst his raggamuffins lie,  
His two brave geldings, fit to start  
For thousands, stood behind his cart;  
Ulysses, ever quick of sight,  
Was first to see th' unlucky wight.

Then, pointing to his comroque, cries,  
See there, my boy, a tempting prize!  
Rhesus, the cart and horses too,  
Are planted fair within your view;  
Besides the jinkin' lac'd with gold,  
Of which we were by Dolon told,  
I'm pretty sure, before we part,  
That one of us may steal the cart;  
If you don't feel your courage lags,  
Kill you the loons, I'll steal the mags.

He said; and Pallas, never slack,  
At mischief, clapt the whelp o' th' back;  
On which the rascal fell to kicking,  
Slashing, and cutting throats, and sticking,  
With a long Dutchman's knife, that he  
Had bought to play at snickernee;  
Where'er the varlet walk'd or stood,  
He made the ground all wet with blood;  
Just so the cat that guards the house,  
Leaps from the dresser on a mouse,  
Pats, pans, and kettles, all give way,  
Till puss has seiz'd the tembling prey.

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Just for this dog pursu'd his luck,  
 Till he'd a dozen Thracians stuck:  
 Ulysses, as his friend did stick 'em,  
 Behind a cock of hay did kick 'em,  
 For fear, he said, the horses might  
 At dead men's bodies take a fright;  
 But the true reason was, the elf  
 Could pick their pockets by himself;  
 And that he did, but by the bye,  
 'Tis only known to you and I:  
 Now, having murder'd twelve, at last  
 They found poor Rhesus snoring fast:  
 Pallas had sent an ugly dream,  
 Wherein a Dutch-built thief did seem  
 To shake a snickersneeing knife,  
 And swear he'll have his purse and life:  
 All this he dreamt, old Homer knew,  
 But never wak'd to find it true.  
 Ulysses quickly seiz'd the bits,  
 And bridl'd both the flaming tits,  
 Leading them out, to make 'em go,  
 He smack'd their buttocks with his bow:  
 Tho' the whip hung where he might reach it,  
 He durst as well be hang'd as fetch it,  
 But tipp'd the sign to Diomed  
 To come away with all his speed:  
 Now he was standing to consider,  
 And think about the matter, whether

To stick more men, which he could do,  
 Or steal the cart and jacker too;  
 Pallas, who saw him thus dispute  
 Within himself, in haste roars out,  
 Pray what the pox are you about?  
 Enough in conscience have you done,  
 And split me but it's time to run;  
 In jobbs like these the man that lingers  
 Is sure at last to burn his fingers.  
 When Diom. heard Minerva say  
 That she would have him run away,  
 He knew she scorn'd her friends to banter,  
 So mounts, and pops into a canter;  
 For wise men oft exert their might in  
 Running away as well as fighting:  
 Ulysses with his bow-string flogging  
 Took care to keep these cart tirs jogging.  
 Apollo, who was Hector's friend,  
 Had seen this jade from heav'n descend,  
 And guess'd it was for no good end;  
 He saw the bitch, by mischief led,  
 Help this damn'd rogue, this Diomed,  
 To murder honest folks in bed,  
 Which vex'd him so, he whipp'd him down,  
 And wak'd the trusty Hippocoon,  
 Who came on Rhesus to attend,  
 And was his coz. as well as friend.

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The moment that this loving cousin  
 Awak'd, he saw a baker's dozen  
 Of Thracian's kill'd, and, what much worse is,  
 The rogues had carry'd off the horses;  
 At this poor Hip. began to cry,  
 And wring his hands most bitterly,  
 For all he sobb'd, but Rhesus long  
 Remain'd the burthen of his song:  
 Had the d—d dogs that came to fleece us,  
 Says he, but spar'd my cozen Rhesus,  
 I'd not have lent 'em twenty curses  
 For stealing half a hundred horses,  
 But since they have my cozen struck,  
 May all their schemes have d—d bad luck,  
 And to spin out their life in pain,  
 Pray God they ne'er may sh—re again:  
 Whilst Hippy mumbles out this prayer,  
 The Trojans flock about and stare,  
 Wond'ring what rafeals had been there.  
 In the mean while these Yorkshire dealers,  
 By London juries call'd horse-stealers,  
 Kept flogging both their tits away,  
 To reach the place where Dolon lay:  
 Ulysses stopp'd, and begg'd Tydide  
 Would 'light, and fetch the grey wolf's hide,  
 With arrows, bow, and staff, and all  
 They had from long-legg'd Dolon stole;

This done, their nags away they spang,  
 Like thieves pursu'd by Fielding's gang;  
 Old Nestor was in woeful doubt,  
 And therefore kept a sharp look-out;  
 So, when the thieving rogues drew near 'em,  
 No wonder he was first to hear 'em;  
 And hear 'em square-toes did for sure,  
 For thus th' old buff began to roar:

Lay but your ears upon the ground,  
 And, if you do not hear the sound  
 Of horses galloping this road,  
 Call me a stupid queer old toad:  
 Some geldings they perhaps have stole,  
 (I wish they may with all my soul!)  
 And now perhaps are rattling come  
 In triumph with their booty home,  
 Tho' faith I can't help looking blue;  
 Pray, Jove, my fears don't prove too true!  
 But I'm afraid they may be watch'd,  
 And by that means be overmatch'd,  
 And then my fine laid scheme's abolish'd,  
 And both their knotty pates demolish'd.

These words old buff had hardly said,  
 But up the varlet Diomed  
 Came puffing, like the trainband guards,  
 After a march of fifty yards;  
 Ulysses follow'd; off they jump  
 Upon the ground with such a bump,  
 They made it rattle with the thump;

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Their comrogués shook 'em by the hand;  
 With, Well, and how do matters stand?  
 We funk'd a little; faith and troth,  
 Lest we should lose you one or both,  
 And 'gan to look confounded blue,  
 Both for ourselves, as well as you;  
 But silence call'd, the queer old Greek,  
 Who always claim'd first turn to speak,  
 Began this speech: Ye sons of thunder,  
 Pray tell us in the name of wonder  
 Where you purloin'd these nags, which I  
 Suspect ar'n't comé at honestly;  
 As sure as Helen is a punk,  
 You've found some whoring god dead drunk,  
 Or fast asleep; so stole these nags,  
 Which beat Apollo's all to rags;  
 I'll take upon my oath to swear  
 He never yet had such a pair,  
 Tho' he's oblig'd, or lose his pay,  
 To run his hacknies ev'ry day,  
 And therefore in discretion ought  
 To have the best that can be bought;  
 Tho' I am old, yet strike me stiff,  
 And dry me for a mummy, if  
 In all the lands I've travell'd o'er  
 I ever saw such nags before;  
 But speak the truth, if on the road  
 You did not fudge 'em from some god,

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As we all know, when once you're set  
 On thieving, nothing 'scapes your net,  
 And Jove himself, and Pallas too,  
 Have help'd your roguish tricks ere now.

When Ithacus begins to chatter;  
 Old dad, says he, 'tis no such matter;  
 God gives us grace, and that of course is  
 Much better for our souls than horses;  
 But these grey nags were born in Thrace;  
 Their master to a better place,  
 Or worse, is gone, I can't say whicher,  
 But bold Tydides sent him thither;  
 And with him a round dozen went  
 Of scrubs, that for his guard were meant;  
 And they have prov'd so very civil,  
 As guard their master to the devil:  
 But at our lucky setting out,  
 I should have told we seiz'd a scout,  
 So judg'd it would be for the best,  
 To hell to send this prying guest,  
 To speak warm places for the rest,  
 Which we design'd should quickly follow,  
 Unless prevented by Apollo;  
 So Diomed the scoundrel led off,  
 And in a moment whipp'd his head off:  
 This said, he took him up a switch,  
 And spank'd the horses o'er the ditch,  
 The rabble follow'd all the way,  
 Roaring huzza! huzza! huzza!



And ne'er could get their wide mouths shut  
 Until they reach'd the gen'ral's hut;  
 There his old tits, not worth a guinea,  
 Welcom'd the strangers with a whinney;  
 Then for a handsome sort of treat,  
 As oats were scarce, they gave 'em wheat:  
 This done, Ulysses takes a trip  
 With Dolon's hide on board a ship,  
 Where on the stern-post did he stretch it,  
 Then bad Minerva come and fetch it;  
 By this rogue's trick, 'tis pretty clear  
 He cheated Diom. of his share:  
 Now in the sea, to keep 'em sweet,  
 They wash'd their dirty, sweaty feet,  
 And to refresh them from their toil,  
 Their noses rubb'd with sallad oil;  
 And then, to give their stomach's ease,  
 Each cut a slice of bread and cheese:  
 But, as on Pallas first they think,  
 To her they fill th' first mug of drink,  
 Which gently on the ground they pour,  
 And bid her lick it off the floor;  
 But how she did, to me's a doubt,  
 Which I could never yet make out:  
 And now these jovial lucky fellows,  
 Chaunted Old Rose, and burn the Bellows,  
 Having great reason to believe  
 The next time they went out to thieve,

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This scratching brim, without dispute,  
Would stand their friend, and help 'em out;  
Joyful they dance, and sing, and roar,  
Till they can sing and dance no more;  
Then smoke their pipes, and drink, and fink,  
Till every soul got bloody drunk.

END OF BOOK X.

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ARGUMENT. 221

THE Grecian chief his jacket put on,  
 Tho' there was not a single button,  
 Neither of horn, nor metal cast,  
 Remain'd upon't to make it fast,  
 Yet as they could not do without him,  
 He ty'd it with a cord about him,  
 Not a grand swasby green or red cord,  
 But an old rotten piece of bed cord;  
 Then don'd a pair of piss-burnt brogues on,  
 And went to lead his ragged rogues on;  
 Whilst Hector, ever bold and steady,  
 Soon got his trusty Trojans ready;  
 For signal, two celestial strumpets  
 Employ their tongues instead of trumpets;  
 Jove thunder'd too, but all the sound  
 In their superior noise was drown'd,  
 For such a din they made at starting,  
 His thunder sounded just like farting;  
 And now, whilst Agamemnon mauls 'em,  
 And with his crabtree cudgel gauls 'em,  
 Jove call'd for Iris, to direct her,  
 To go and caution bully Hector  
 To let this Grecian bruiser roam  
 Till some chance knock should send him home.  
 Then Hector makes a woeful route,  
 And kicks the Grecians all about,  
 Whoe'er he hit he surely dropt him,  
 Till Diom, and Ulysses stopt him;

*Stopt for a while, but 'twas not much,  
For Diomed soon got a touch,  
Which made the bully limp away,  
And leave Ulysses in the fray,  
Who got, unless the poet lies,  
A broken rib and two black eyes;  
When Menelau, and Ajax stout,  
Came apropos to help him out.  
Hector for Ajax went to seek,  
But found his nob too hard to break:  
Whilst thus each others bones they whack,  
Paris had almost lam'd their quack;  
Nestor at this, without delay,  
Drives both himself and quack away.  
Achilles, who was looking out  
To see what work they were about,  
Sends his companion to enquire  
What made old grizzle-beard retire;  
The threshold he had scarce set foot on;  
When Nestor seiz'd him by the button;  
In that condition did he hold him  
Till he had two long stories told him,  
How cocks and bulls, when he was young,  
Would fight like devils all day long;  
But still the aim of this old whelp  
Was but to gain Achilles' help,  
Or if he would not come to blows,  
To lend Patroclus his thick cloaths:*

*Patroclus  
Glad he'  
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*Patroclus then his best legs put on,  
Glad he'd so well releas'd his button,  
And met Euryph'lus as he went  
Limping along to reach his tent ;  
Tho' he just then was running faster  
Than penny postmen, this disaster  
Staid him till he had spread a plaister.*

BOOK XI

*And now the more, with yellow locks,  
From Tithon's chamber, shud with  
Aloes, to new-born gods and men  
That day was coming once again  
To glad the hearts of those with sight  
Whose conscience could not bear the night  
Lawyers, attorneys, pawns, and pimps,  
Born to mankind's hell with imp  
A race whose own reflection  
And damn'd can only dwell  
When found the comfort of hell,  
Willing to keep things pretty even*

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HOMER'S ILLIAD.

B O O K XI.

AND now the morn, with yellow locks,  
From Tithon's hammock, stuff'd with  
flocks,  
Arose, to shew both gods and men  
That day was coming once again,  
To glad the hearts of those with light  
Whose conscience could not bear the night;  
Lawyers, attorneys, bawds, and pimps,  
Born to replenish hell with imps,  
A race whose own reflection frets 'em,  
And damns 'em ere the devil gets 'em;  
When Jove, the constable of heav'n,  
Willing to keep things pretty even,

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A scolding quean, one Eris, seeks,  
 And sent her down to help the Greeks;  
 Her tongue he knew there was no holding,  
 She storms and tempests rais'd with scolding;  
 Away then flies the noisy witch,  
 With a long roll well soak'd in pitch;  
 The torch of discord call'd by Jove,  
 And all the people else above;  
 But if to me you'll yield belief,  
 'Twas nothing but a lawyer's brief  
 Drawn for the plaintiff, and at th' end on't  
 Was ty'd another for th' defendant;  
 This stuff the goddess Discord thinks  
 The best materials for her links,  
 So long ago has ceas'd to spin;  
 And buys her gear at Lincoln's Inn;  
 One of these torches Eris drew  
 Along the sky as down she flew,  
 Which forty thousand sparkles shed,  
 And mark'd the road she came all red;  
 Then fixt upon Ulysses boat,  
 And there began to tune her throat,  
 Bawling a song to suit the case,  
 To which her burn play'd thorough-bass,  
 But made such thund'ring as she trump'd,  
 Both Ajax and Achilles jump'd,  
 Tho' their two boats could not be under  
 Three miles at least, or four afunder;

Then through the fleet inspires each chief,  
 And strews the ashes of the brief,  
 Such rancour now the varlets fill;  
 They all look'd fierce as Bobadil;  
 The rogues that readiest stood to run  
 As soon as flaps o'th' chaps begun,  
 Now d——n their eyes, and make a route,  
 And strut, and kick their hats about:  
 Great Agamemnon first did start out,  
 And roar'd as if he'd roar his heart out;  
 Then set th' example, and begun  
 To put his fighting doublet on,  
 His legs he thought there was some doubts on,  
 So whipp'd a pair of large jack-boots on,  
 Borrow'd that morning by his surgeon  
 Of Foote's bold-hearted Major Sturgeon,  
 Then went and fetch'd his basket hilt,  
 And o'er his bosom hung a quilt,  
 A lousy quilt, altho' the thing  
 Was giv'n him by a brother king;  
 Tho' from a king, says Doctor Swift,  
 A man may get a lousy gift;  
 But being stuff'd with rags and flocks,  
 It kept his stomach free from knocks;  
 On it was painted such a dragon  
 As few sign-painters e'er could brag on;  
 St. George's dragon on the sign  
 At Stamford, where they sell good wine,

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Would, I am sure, compar'd to that,  
 Appear a common tabby cat:  
 O'er all he ty'd a belt of buff skin,  
 Or doe, or tup, or some such tough skin,  
 Such as our northern carriers fold  
 About their loins to keep out cold;  
 A potlid hung upon his arm  
 To guard his ribs from taking harm,  
 With brazen hoops and brazen center,  
 That points of broomsticks might not enter,  
 On which a frightful head did grin,  
 Almost as ugly as Mifs. ———,  
 And all around, in various places,  
 Were grinning chaps and wry-mouth'd faces;  
 But in the middle part, to make  
 The Trojans run, he plac'd a snake,  
 Gaping as wide as if he'd swallow  
 An ox, with horns, and guts, and tallow,  
 Which made the folks, when he did meet 'em,  
 Scamper for fear the snake should eat 'em,  
 Whilst he pursu'd, and thought they fled  
 For fear of his great chuckle head;  
 His leathern scull-cap, worn thread-bare,  
 He furbish'd up with horse's hair;  
 Then in his hand two broomstaves took,  
 And look'd as fierce, as he could look;  
 Thus arm'd complete, he march'd to fight 'em,  
 In hopes to make 'em all be-ta 'em;

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That instant, to increase the strife,  
 Jove's daughter and his scolding wife  
 A cannon ball began to roll  
 In Jupiter's great mustard bowl,  
 Whilst the machine they both were holding,  
 To mend the noise they fell to scolding;  
 This cleft the welkin quite asunder,  
 And made the Greeks believe 'twas thunder,  
 Which fill'd 'em with such fighting rage,  
 They push'd like Britons to engage;  
 The foot first hasten'd to the battle,  
 And after them the carts did rattle;  
 With such a roaring they began,  
 Before his time they wak'd the Sun,  
 Who hearing such a dreadful clatter,  
 Jump'd up and cry'd, Zoons, what's the matter!  
 But both his eyes being clos'd with gum,  
 From whence this roaring noise did come  
 He could not spy, till fasting spittle  
 Had op'd his gummy eyes a little;  
 Jove thunder'd too, for he was mad  
 To see the dogs so bitter bad;  
 And mixt a shower of rain with rud,  
 To make 'em think it rain'd sheer blood,  
 Nor would he longer carry near 'em,  
 But fairly left Old Nick to steer 'em,  
 Near Ilys grave, upon the hill,  
 Was Hector drinking bumpers still,

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The grave-stone serv'd 'em for a table,  
 And there they drank 'till they weren't able  
 To stand, or, as our bard supposes,  
 To see each others copper noses;  
 Polydamas partook the feast,  
 With a sly Presbyterian priest,  
 Eneas call'd, (a rogue whose lights  
 Would shew you nothing but the whites,  
 Whene'er he wanted to deceive you,  
 And helpless in the suds to leave you;  
 This he'd perform with such a grace,  
 You'd ne'er suspect his pious face : )  
 Agenor with his second sight,  
 And Polybus, a simple knight,  
 Two brothers of Antenor's race,  
 Around the bottle took their place;  
 With Acumas, a boy that had  
 As few bad tricks as any lad,  
 In all the town, altho' it's true  
 He was a Presbyterian Jew;  
 Pray what religion's that? say you;  
 I'll tell you, my good friend, anon.  
 A Presbyterian Jew is one  
 That likes engagements with the wenches,  
 But hates both gunpowder and trenches:  
 Hector a pretty girl was thrumming  
 When first he heard the Grecians coming,  
 And tho' twelve bumpers he had sipp'd up,  
 He soon his shield and broomstick whipt up,

## 190 THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

Then quickly 'mongst the Trojans goes out  
 To make 'em turn their sweaty toes out,  
 And square their elbows; here and there  
 He frisk'd about, and ev'ry where,  
 Whilst streaming sparkles, as he pass'd,  
 From his broad metal buttons flash'd:  
 On Sundays view our Farmer Gooding  
 When he attacks a suet pudding,  
 Slice after slice you'll see him cut  
 And stuff within his gundy gut;  
 Whilst on the other side his man  
 Slices as fast as e'er he can;  
 With eager haste they slice and eat,  
 Till both their knives i'th' center meet:  
 Thus Greeks and Trojans on a sudden,  
 Tumble like slices of the pudding,  
 Give and receive most hearty thwacks,  
 Yet never think to turn their backs,  
 But scratch, and bite, and tear, and kick,  
 Like two boar-cats hung 'cross a stick:  
 Discord, the wrangling lawyer's friend,  
 Did on this dreadful broil attend,  
 But all the rest above the moon,  
 Tho' they were willing, durst as soon  
 Run to Old Nick as venture down,  
 But tho' confin'd to keep their places  
 They made abominable faces,  
 Whilst all the time their guts were grumbling  
 At Jove, for keeping Troy from tumbling;

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Now he, good soul, was set alone  
 On his old cricket, call'd a throne,  
 Where, spite of all his wife could say,  
 He gave Miss Destiny her way;  
 Tho' now and then he squinted down  
 In great amaze, to see how soon  
 The varlets crack'd each other's crown:  
 Now, whilst the Sun was working still  
 To flog his hackneys up the hill,  
 Both parties fought with equal luck,  
 And furious blows on each side struck  
 But at the time when sea-coal heavers,  
 With taylor's 'prentices and weavers,  
 Quit looms and boards, and leave their work  
 In search of scalded peas and pork,  
 Just at that time the Greeks begun  
 To make some straggling Trojans run:  
 Atrides seiz'd that crisis too,  
 To let 'em see what he could do;  
 Quickly he crack'd Bianor's crown,  
 A smart attorney of the town,  
 Then knock'd his clerk Oileus down,  
 Who, when he saw his loving master  
 Get hurt, was coming with a plaster;  
 Atrides, whilst his hands were full,  
 Like a brave fellow, crack'd his skull;  
 Then of their jackets he bereft 'em,  
 And naked to the weather left 'em,

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For which depend these fons of faction  
 At proper time will bring an action;  
 Now, whilst his hand was in, he runs  
 And meets with two of Priam's fons,  
 One was a bastard, got upon  
 The daughter of his ploughman John,  
 But, as we are inform'd, the other  
 Was got upon an honest mother,  
 Who would not let her maidenhead  
 Be touch'd, till Christian grace was said;  
 But when that's done, e'en touch and touch,  
 No honest man can do too much:  
 These loving brothers, loth to part,  
 Had hir'd a Norfolk farmer's cart,  
 Where with great skill they did contrive  
 That one should fight, the other drive:  
 In former days they us'd to keep  
 On Suffex Downs a flock of sheep;  
 Achilles, who, as you must note,  
 Commanded once a smuggling boat,  
 To steal some sheep one night had landed,  
 And being then but slender handed,  
 He went his thieving crew to call off,  
 And bid them bring the boys and all off,  
 Then made their dad for their release  
 Remit him three half-crowns a piece;  
 Money ill war'd, since they so soon  
 Were knock'd by Agamemnon down;

On the pert bastard first he prest,  
 And lent him such a punch o'th' breast,  
 It made him in a twinkling kick up  
 His heels, and belch, and f—t, and hiccup;  
 Instant bestow'd he such a pat  
 Upon the brother's gold-lac'd hat,  
 That down he tumbl'd with a plump,  
 And bruis'd his thigh, and split his rump;  
 Then, flat as on the ground they lay,  
 He stole their hats and coats away:  
 With aching hearts the Trojans spy him,  
 But dare not for their guts come nigh him;  
 Thus shoplifts see their brothers taken,  
 But dare not stir to save their bacon:  
 Still furious on the foe he runs,  
 And mauls Antimachus' two sons,  
 A sneaking rascal, who had sold  
 His vote in parliament for gold,  
 From whoring Paris taking pay,  
 He made a speech for Nell to stay,  
 And humbugg'd all the senate so,  
 They bawl'd out aye, instead of no;  
 Now these two lads Atrides caught,  
 And drubb'd 'em for the father's fault:  
 They'd got a hard-mouth'd resty horse,  
 They could not stop with all their force,  
 But he would run, aye, that he would,  
 Just where this fighting Grecian stood;

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The lads had pull'd the resty tup  
Till both were tir'd, so gave it up,  
On which the Greek their noddles peppers,  
Till down they dropt upon their kneppers;  
And in a dismal doleful ditty,  
Begg'd for an ounce or two of pity:

Good Mr. Agamemnon, spare  
Two harmless lads, and hear their pray'r,  
For which Antimachus will make  
Such presents you'll be glad to take,  
You need but send him a short note  
You've stow'd us safe in your old boat,  
And if he doth not think it proper  
To send a stone of brass and copper,  
We then will give you leave to beat us,  
Or, if you please, to hash and eat us:  
Now, tho' the yonkers made no noise,  
But talk'd like very hopeful boys,  
This harden'd rogue, before they'd done,  
In a great passion thus begun;  
If you're Antimachus's blood,  
I'll drub your hides, by all that's good,  
That scurvy mangey rascal would  
Have kill'd my brother if he could,  
With sly Ulysses, when from Greece  
They came to fetch that precious piece,  
That Madam Helen, whose affair  
Has cost more lives than she has hair  
Upon her head, or any where;

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No pray'rs that you can coin shall speed  
 With me, to save such scoundrel breed:  
 On this he with a crab-tree stump  
 Gave poor Philander such a thump,  
 It made him tumble from the cart out,  
 And spew his very guts and heart out;  
 The brother, finding him so tart,  
 He leap'd head foremost from the cart,  
 There, as he lay upon the sands  
 The whelp disabl'd both his hands,  
 Then boldly seiz'd him by the snout,  
 And almost twm'd his neck about;  
 Whilst he continu'd these mad freaks,  
 He double distanc'd all the Greeks:  
 Still he kept cuffing on, and swearing,  
 Whilst they kept wondering and staring;  
 So when the mighty bowl doth fall  
 From th' corner of a nine-pin alley,  
 Pin after pin by him is thrown,  
 Till the whole nine are tumbl'd down;  
 Just so Atrides in his passion  
 Tumbl'd 'em down in nine-pin fashion,  
 And drove about with such a rumble,  
 Whole squadrons either run or tumble;  
 Many a Trojan made he smart,  
 And empty'd many a higler's cart;  
 The cart-tits, when without a guide,  
 Ran like bewitch'd from side to side,

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Farted, and kick'd, and jump'd about,  
 In short they made such dreadful rout,  
 They hurt their Trojan friends much more  
 Than they had done 'em good before:  
 Whilst the fierce Greek, where'er he flew,  
 Beat the poor devils black and blue,  
 Had Hector met this Greeian cock,  
 Depend upon't he'd got a knock;  
 But Jove took care he should not meet him,  
 Lest in his passion he should eat him,  
 But kept the Trojan's coat from stains  
 Of blood, and guts, and scatter'd brains;  
 Now Jove took all this care, I ween,  
 'Cause Hector's coat was very clean,  
 Whilst ev'ry Greek in all the clan  
 Look'd like a butcher's journeyman;  
 And now this furious fighting knave  
 Drove 'em like smoke by Illus' grave  
 Amongst some fig-trees, where for shelter  
 They ran like wild-fire helter skelter,  
 Not with design to turn and rally,  
 But there they knew a dark blind alley  
 That led directly to the town,  
 Through which they ran like devils down;  
 Atrides ran as fast as they,  
 Roaring and bawling all the way,  
 Till he had made himself as hot  
 As Forestreet Doll's pease-porridge pot;

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When, coming near the Scean gate,  
 He thought it would be best to wait  
 For further help, so held his stick up,  
 And stopt to take his wind and hiccup;  
 In the mean time the Trojans ply  
 Their clay-burnt heels most lustily:  
 As when the constable and watchmen  
 Are on a party sent to catch men,  
 Who have the day before been dealing  
 In what the justices call stealing,  
 Their phiz the thieves no sooner spy,  
 But all to reach the window try,  
 Their haste occasions such a jumble,  
 Head over heels the scoundrels tumble,  
 And wedge themselves so very fast  
 The hobbling watchmen seize the last;  
 So did Atrides bounce and flick,  
 And always lent the last a kick:  
 Thus did he play the de'el and all,  
 Until he reach'd the Trojan wail,  
 Which his great fury did design  
 To tumble down or undermine;  
 When Jove sent such a show'r of rain  
 As won't be quickly seen again,  
 And would have added thunder to it,  
 But could not get his lightning through it.

At this he bawls, Come hither, Iris,  
 You see in rain so drench'd my fire is,

## 198 THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

It cannot go as I design'd it,  
 To make yond roaring scoundrels mind it;  
 And as for thunder, tho' they fear it,  
 They make such noise they cannot hear it;  
 Therefore, my girl, do you descend  
 And tell my honest Trojan friend,  
 Whilst Agamemnon thus keeps puffing,  
 I would not have him think of cuffing,  
 Let other people stop his flouncing,  
 Bold Hector need not mind his bouncing;  
 Small captains may his waters watch,  
 For Hector he's no more a match  
 Than penny bleeders to a surgeon,  
 Or Jerry Sneak to Major Surgeon;  
 Tell him, altho' he makes such rout,  
 And kicks the Trojans all about,  
 In half an hour, I'll lay a groat,  
 He gets his teeth knock'd down his throat;  
 Then shall my bully Hector thwack 'em,  
 And I will lend a hand to whack 'em,  
 Till he has made them take long strides  
 On board their boats to save their hides;  
 Drub 'em he shall from place to place,  
 Till Night pops up her blackguard face,  
 At this the jade gave such a jump,  
 That some foul air within her rump  
 Came puffing with a thund'ring trump,

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But letting fly too soon, we find  
 She drove so much unfav'ry wind  
 Up Jove's broad nose, he look'd d—d'gruff,  
 And sneez'd as if he'd ta'en Scotch snuff:  
 These thund'ring puffs let out so nigh  
 The sun, take fire as down they fly,  
 From whence 'tis evident that plain bow,  
 Which silly mortals call the rain-bow,  
 Is known by folks that view it nigher  
 To be a chain of farts on fire.

Hector she found amidst the fray,  
 Mounted upon a brewer's dray:  
 Hector, says she, perhaps you'll stare  
 To hear I come from Jupiter,  
 But so it is, believe it true,  
 He sends his compliments to you,  
 And says, while Atreus son keeps puffing,  
 He would not have you think of cuffing;  
 Let other people stop his flouncing,  
 You need not mind his brags and bouncing;  
 Small captains may his waters watch,  
 For you the whelp's no more a match  
 Than penny bleeders to a surgeon,  
 Or Jerry Sneak to Major Surgeon;  
 And adds, that tho' he makes such rout,  
 And kicks the Trojans all about,  
 In half an hour, he'll lay a goat,  
 He gets his teeth knock'd down his throat,

## 200. THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

Then Hector shall the Grecians whack,  
 And I will clap him on the back,  
 Till he has made each Grecian fighter  
 Scamper on board his rotten lighter,  
 Nor shall he cease the rogues to fright  
 Till they're reliev'd by Mrs. Night:  
 Then, in a cloud as black as pitch,  
 She vanish'd like a Lapland witch.  
 Hector no sooner heard this speech,  
 But up he started off his breech,  
 Leapt from the dray in haste, and then  
 Gave two-pence to the brewer's men  
 To get a pint of stale, or strong,  
 Because they let him ride so long;  
 Then, with a broomstick in each hand,  
 He bid the scamp'ring Trojans stand,  
 Tells them, if now they'll box, they may  
 Run when they please another day,  
 And he'll run too as well as they;  
 When they heard this, the Trojans stout  
 With one consent all fac'd about,  
 And seem resolv'd to box it out:  
 The Greeks, who hop'd they'd all been gone,  
 Star'd when they found 'em coming on,  
 Cock'd their wide jaws in great surprize,  
 And fain would disbelieve their eyes:  
 Both sides begin to fight it o'er,  
 As if they'd never fought before,

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Whilst in his passion, Atreus' son  
 Kept driving like a devil on,  
 And gave the Trojan sons of whores  
 Black eyes and broken pates by scores;  
 Hopkins and Sternhold, lend me aid  
 To tell what work this whore's bird made,  
 You, who king David's psalms were able  
 To write in verse so lamentable,  
 As made the fornicating king  
 Cry, when you meant to make him sing,  
 Where he repents indeed, most ably  
 You make him do it lamentably;  
 Help me to some of your rare pickings,  
 That I may sing Atrides' kickings,  
 That in re-mem-be-rance I may  
 Remain for ever and for aye:  
 Come on, old boys, and make it known  
 What shoals of scrubs he tumbl'd down,  
 And whether 'twas a peer or groom  
 That tasted first his stick of broom:  
 Iphidamas it prov'd, a swain o  
 Got by Antenor on Theano,  
 Whose pasture being stock'd before  
 So hard that it would bear no more,  
 He thought it best to send the lad  
 To Clifeus the mother's dad,  
 Who farm'd on lease a little place  
 Upon a bleak hill side in Thrace,

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For which he paid the landlord clear  
 Three, or perhaps four, pounds a year;  
 For twenty years the good old rock  
 There fed him like a fighting cock,  
 And then, to use him to the strife  
 Man's born to bear, he for a wife  
 Gave him his daughter; but the boy,  
 Hearing of boxing bouts at Troy,  
 Was seiz'd with such desire to fight,  
 He list'd on his wedding night,  
 And left his wife, tho' thought a beauty;  
 Before he'd done an inch of duty;  
 By shipping to Sercope went,  
 From thence by land to Troy was sent;  
 Thinking the time was now or never  
 For him to shew off something clever,  
 From out the foremost ranks he jumps,  
 Resolv'd to fight this king of trumps:  
 Atrides, who full well did know  
 That in the first good hearty blow  
 Lay often more than half the battle,  
 Let fly his broomstick with a rattle;  
 The Trojan floop'd, and whiz it went,  
 But mist his nob where it was meant;  
 The youth then with great fury puts  
 His cudgel cross the Grecian's guts,  
 Which stroke he had severely felt  
 But for his greasy currier's belt,

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Tho' he so much of it did feel,  
 'Spite of his belt it made him reel;  
 But when recover'd from the shock,  
 He lent him such a rare hard knock  
 Upon his crag, the luckless chap  
 Fell down, and took an endless nap:  
 His wife that such a fortune brought,  
 Two cows, six sheep, and one ram goat,  
 Thought hers a mighty grievous lot,  
 When she a maidenhead had got,  
 Neatly dish'd up as hands could make it,  
 Ready for him to come and take it;  
 But he, poor soul, was laying flat,  
 Whilst the Greek stole his coat and hat:  
 Coon his bro. was pretty near,  
 And vext to th' heart, a man may swear;  
 It fill'd his liver with such sadness,  
 He roar'd and cry'd for very madness;  
 But tho' he wept full sore, we find  
 He did not weep himself quite blind;  
 But when the Grecian did not 'spy him,  
 He edg'd 'till he got pretty nigh him,  
 Then at the bully aim'd a knock,  
 Which gave his elbow such a shock,  
 It made his metal buttons jingle,  
 And both his wrist and fingers tingle;  
 The Greek was stunn'd, tho' not with fear,  
 But knew not, or to cry or swear;

Then whilst poor Coon guards his brother,  
 And covers this side, then the other,  
 Damning the Grecian for a whelp,  
 And roaring like a man for help,  
 The wary Greek upon his crown  
 'Spy'd a soft spot, so knock'd him down,  
 Down with a bang he tumbled plump,  
 And laid across his brother's rump;  
 Atrides, now more furious grown,  
 Drives like a madman up and down,  
 Using all weapons, clubs, or sticks,  
 Old broken pils-pots, stones, and bricks,  
 In this condition on he blunder'd;  
 And lam'd or frighten'd half a hundred;  
 Whilst he perform'd these pranks, his arm  
 Contin'd tolerably warm,  
 But when the blood began to settle,  
 And he was partly off his mettle,  
 The elbow stiff'ned with such pain  
 As made the bully grin again;  
 Knaves that are whipp'd for thieving cases  
 Could never coin such ugly faces:  
 With mighty pain and anguish fretting,  
 A dung cart he was forc'd to get in,  
 But lest the foe should think he had cause,  
 He put a good face on a bad cause,  
 And bawls, O Grecian raggamuffins!  
 Stick stoutly to your kicks and cuffings,

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I'll get a dram to ease my pain,  
 And in a twink be back again;  
 Jove will no longer let me fight,  
 But slay me if its aught but spite;  
 No sooner had he spoke, but smack  
 He heard the carter's whip go crack,  
 And crack it might, as these old hacks  
 For twice three steps requir'd six cracks;  
 Tho', by great luck, this jehu got  
 His geldings smack'd into a trot,  
 But as they both were touch'd i'th' wind,  
 They puff'd out clouds of smoke behind,  
 Whilst from their sides a lather run  
 Would almost fill a brewer's tun;  
 At last, when tir'd and almost spent,  
 They brought him to his ragged tent;  
 Hector look'd sharp, and quickly saw  
 This huffing, cuffing varlet go;  
 Then to his Trojans and allies,  
 To raise their mettle, thus he cries:

Ye roaring blades, that scorn all fear,  
 Ye Dardans, and ye Lycians, hear;  
 Now is the time, boys, now or never,  
 Roar Wilkes and liberty for ever!  
 Yon leader of the Scotch court cards,  
 Call'd the third regiment of guards,  
 Has got some mischief in the fray;  
 I saw the rascal run away:

Besides, Dame Iris from above  
 Brought me some compliments from Jove:  
 Hector, says she, you must not shrink,  
 But pay the varlets till they stink;  
 Therefore you've nought to do but box,  
 I'll warm their jackets with a pox.  
 The valiant Hec. with such like speeches,  
 Forth from the bottom of their breeches  
 Pluck'd up their hearts as fast as could be,  
 And fairly plac'd 'em where they should be;  
 So the poor gard'ner cheers his dog  
 To seize and fowl his neighbour's hog,  
 Claps him o'th' back until he tears off  
 The ugly grunting pilf'ners ears off,  
 Boiling with rage, because the brute  
 Returns so oft to spoil his fruit;  
 Thus Hector bawls, nor that alone;  
 But is the first to lead 'em on;  
 On the deep file with might doth pour  
 Like a black heavy city shower,  
 Which clears the streets, and into shops  
 Drives painted whores and brainless fops,  
 With fury from the pantries rolls,  
 Drenches the signs and barbers poles,  
 Washes each dirty stinking street,  
 And for an hour the town is sweet.

O Churchill's muse! for once assist,  
 Whilst humbly I draw out a list

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Of those that fell by Hector's cudgel,  
 When Jove, who now and then doth judge ill,  
 Without regard to whig or tory,  
 Bestow'd on him a day of glory;  
 To 'scape him there appear'd but small hopes,  
 He smash'd Asæus first, then Dolops;  
 Asæus was a great book-binder,  
 And Dolops was a razor-grinder;  
 Just then the noted woollen-draper,  
 Antinous, began to vapour;  
 But Hector quickly made him taper,  
 He next began to grapple with  
 Opites, a great silver-smith,  
 On his bread-basket such a thump  
 He lent him, down he tumbled plump;  
 Then flat as e'er you saw a flounder  
 He quickly fell'd the great bell-founder.  
 Hipponous, as down he fell,  
 His noddle sounded like a bell;  
 Ophelthius next, a pastry-cook,  
 That made good pigeon-pye of rook,  
 Cut venison from Yorkshire \* hogs,  
 And made rare mutton pies of dogs,  
 From Hector's crabtree stick of sticks  
 Got a reward for all rogues' tricks,  
 His hard-bak'd head was finely whack'd,  
 The skin all bruis'd, and crust all crack'd;

\* In Yorkshire they call fat sheep hogs.

Orus, who kept a noted inn,  
 Full on the road from York to Lynn,  
 A chatt'ring whelp, just like an ape,  
 Got in a most confounded scrape,  
 As Hector rapp'd the saucy dog's head,  
 It founded like an empty hog's head;  
 Esymmus, a ship-biscuit-baker,  
 Got pelted by this noddle-breaker,  
 His scull, as Hector's stick did whisk it,  
 Rattled just like a hard ship-biscuit;  
 Last the rope-maker, Agelau,  
 By a great knock upon his jaw,  
 Was sent to see his friends below,  
 The Trojan's broomstick unresisted,  
 His slender thread of life untwisted:  
 These you must note were no riff-raff,  
 But officers upon the staff:  
 As for your common country cozens,  
 He knock'd them down by pecks and dozens,  
 And with a flourish of his stick,  
 Laid 'em all on their backs as quick  
 As gamblers thump their box and dice,  
 Or nitty taylors crack their lice:  
 Have you not seen a sort of twirlwind,  
 Which country people call a whirlwind,  
 Whip up a haycock from the ground,  
 And twist it round, and round, and round,

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Whilst with their peepers fix'd in air,  
 And gaping mouths, the bumpkins stare?  
 Thus Hector whipp'd about, and soon  
 Kick'd up their heels, or knock'd 'em down;  
 And now had Greece been overturn'd,  
 And all their keels and scullers burn'd,  
 But sly Ulysses ran with speed  
 To call his neighbour Diomed;  
 Diom. says he, why, what the pox,  
 We'd better both be set i'th' stocks  
 Than stand and stare whilst Hector keeps  
 Smoaking the Grecians upon heaps;  
 Let's meet this fav'rite of the gods,  
 We're two to one, and that's brave odds.  
 Says Diomed, You know, Ulysses,  
 I'll fight with any man, but this is  
 Another case; I've suffer'd evils  
 For boxing both with gods and devils;  
 Jove helps this Hector from above,  
 And fowse me, if I'll box with Jove:  
 What boots it now, my friend, to stand,  
 If Jove won't lend a helping hand?  
 It's striving without spades to dig,  
 And whistling to a stone-dead pig;  
 Then as he spoke he gave a sigh,  
 And whiz he let his broomstick fly;  
 It hit a purse-proud fellow's crown,  
 A Wapping lawyer of renown,  
 Thymbæus call'd, and fetch'd him down;

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Ulysses then, that cunning tartar,  
 Up with his club, and fell'd the carter;  
 When they had done this job of jobs,  
 They durst not stay to pick their fobs,  
 Hector was then so near them, they  
 Thought it was best to pop away;  
 Thus thieves that wait the time to nick  
 When they can best your pockets pick,  
 Lurch till some bustle is begun,  
 Then run and thief, and thief and run:  
 Merops' two sons, a hopeful pair,  
 Were seated in a one-horse chair,  
 Their father carried once a pack  
 Of caps and stockings on his back,  
 An honest plodding Highland wight,  
 And therefore born with second sight;  
 From fighting he had warn'd the lads,  
 But yonkers seldom mind their dads,  
 In spite of him these yonkers friskie  
 Went out and hir'd a timmy whiskie;  
 To his advice they paid no heed,  
 But drove to meet this Diomed,  
 Who, maugre all that they could do,  
 Drubb'd 'em, and pick'd their pockets too:  
 Ulysses smash'd Hypirochus,  
 And the rich Jew Hippodamus,  
 And made him rue he e'er did sally  
 From that great den of thieves, the Alley,

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HOMER'S ILLIAD. 213

Where had he staid he might have bit  
 A thousand honest people yet;  
 But Satan always doth forecast  
 To lead rogues into scrapes at last:  
 Whilst things went on at six and seven,  
 Jove smok'd a serious pipe in heaven,  
 And let old Cox's scales hang even,  
 Nor did he seem a whit to care,  
 But let 'em scratch, fight dog fight bear;  
 On this the great Tydides strains out,  
 And knocks Agastrophus's brains out,  
 Who, busy fighting all the while,  
 Had left his cart above a mile,  
 But when the honest Trojan saw  
 This bully Greek, he fled; yet tho'  
 He ran as if the devil split him,  
 This blackguard rascal's broomstick hit him,  
 Upon his wooden noddle falling,  
 It broke his scull, and laid him sprawling;  
 Great Hector saw this fearful route,  
 For he was looking sharp about;  
 As he mov'd on he loud did bawl,  
 And with him brought the devil and all,  
 A gang of downright Teagues, all rare men,  
 With bludgeons arm'd like Brentford chairmen;  
 Brave Diomed himself, who never  
 Was us'd to fear, now felt his liver,  
 Spite of his mighty courage, start,  
 And give a knock against his heart:

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When thus he speaks, Ulysses, mind  
 A plaguy storm before the wind  
 Comes rolling on, and I conjecture  
 It can be nought but bully Hector,  
 Who throws about his pots and kettles,  
 As if his bum was stung with nettles,  
 Let us resolve in this here place  
 To meet the rascal's ugly face;  
 Just as he spoke, to keep his fame up,  
 He flung his stick as Hector came up,  
 Which lent the Trojan's leather cap  
 A most confounded banging rap,  
 Bruis'd it, and, sliding up, did lop  
 A tarnish'd tassel from the top,  
 But by the care of sage Apollo  
 It happen'd no great harm did follow;  
 Tho' 'twas so sound a knock it stunn'd him  
 So much, that Hector rather shunn'd him,  
 Mounted his cart, and whipp'd about  
 To try his luck another route,  
 Tydides shouts huzza! huzza!  
 The heft'ring Hector's run away!  
 Well doth Apollo pay that thief  
 For all his knuckle bones of beef:  
 If any witch would help a bit,  
 By g—d I'd swinge that rascal yet,  
 But since he stoutly runs away for't,  
 I'll make his ragged scoundrels pay for't;

and give a knock against his beard:

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Then, tho' Agastrophus was dead;  
 He lent him t'other knock o'th' head,  
 To keep his hand in; now and then;  
 Like Falstaff, he could kill dead men:  
 Paris, the keeper of the fair,  
 Whose piece of brittle china ware  
 Had caus'd this route, that wenching knave,  
 Was peeping from the well-known grave  
 Of Ilus, an old brown bread baker,  
 Who being what we call a Quaker,  
 I'th' open fields his friends did leave him;  
 Because church-yards would not receive him;  
 Hearing this bully, what doth he  
 But whips behind a hollow tree;  
 And just as Diom. down did squat  
 To steal Agastrophus's hat,  
 Twang dang he let his arrow go off;  
 And almost knock'd the bully's toe off;  
 The rogue behind the hollow tree  
 Laugh'd till he split his sides to see  
 The bully Grecian's odd grimaces,  
 He made such cursed ugly faces;  
 Then from his ambush leaping out,  
 Diom. says he, you seem to pout,  
 As if you'd got the pox or gout,  
 I've hit, I find, the gouty part,  
 But wish I'd reach'd your pluck or heart,  
 Then would our Trojan bloods be free  
 From dread of thy damn'd face and thee,

214 THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

Who tremble at thy phiz, and run  
Faster than Paddy from a dun.

Diom. was marching off, but stopping,  
Replies, Ho! ho! Miss Frizzle Topping,  
I thought when pop-gun arrows flew  
It could be none but such as you,  
Rogues that will boldly face a pox,  
But dare as well be hang'd as box;  
What signifies thy slender touch?  
Our cook-maid Doll could do as much,  
Or more; her nails will reach the marrow  
As soon again as thy poor arrow;  
But this good broomstaff ne'er flies waste,  
As I one day will let thee taste;  
Some Trojan gets, whene'er it goes,  
A broken pate or bloody nose:  
Whilst all their doxies, when they hear  
My name, begin to scold and swear,  
Because I'm sure where'er I come  
To send their husbands limping home.  
Whilst thus he prates, Ulysses, who  
Was much concern'd for his great toe,  
Pulls out the dart, and then doth pour in  
What offer'd first, and that was urine;  
Then laid his patient in a cart,  
And bid 'em drive him pretty smart.  
Now, when this bully-back was gone,  
Ulysses found himself alone;

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Whilst he was busy with the toe,  
 He never thought, how things might go;  
 But when the Trojans up did walk,  
 He with himself began some talk.

I shall be smash'd if here I stay,  
 And yet I dare not run away,  
 For then they will not let me eat,  
 And I shall starve without my meat,  
 And soon be nought but skin and bone,  
 Like long Sir Thomas R——n;

Why should I longer then stand scrubbing?  
 Starving is ten times worse than drubbing.

Whilst he was weighing thus the matter,

He heard the Trojan broomsticks chatter;

Before this talk was done they found him,

And quickly made a circle round him,

Tho' his hard knocks did make 'em own

They'd better let his pate alone;

In Piccadilly thus I've seen

A drunken ragged, scolding quean

By a large circle of the boys

Pursu'd with dirt, and mud, and noise;

Whilst she stands still, and only scolds,

Each hardy boy his station holds,

But when or here or there she reels,

The yokers nimbly trust their heels;

Just such another matter this is

Betwixt the Trojans and Ulysses;

216 THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

His cudgel first he level'd at  
 And laid the bold Deiopis flat,  
 A taller fellow and a fatter  
 You never saw, except the hatter;  
 Next Ennomus, and Thoon too,  
 Dealers in stone and powder blue,  
 Felt what this sturdy Greek could do;  
 Chersidamus, a noted brewer,  
 Who in his time had poison'd fewer  
 Than any of the brewing trade,  
 Next on the clay-cold ground was laid,  
 Across the guts Ulysses wip'd him,  
 And brew'd him up a stroke that grip'd him;  
 Charops, the son of old Hippases,  
 Who sold Scotch snuff and farthing laces  
 Under St. Dunstan's church, was nigh,  
 At him Ulysses soon let fly,  
 The broomstick quickly did his job,  
 And rung against his hollow nob;  
 Soccus his bro. a noted tanner,  
 And bailiff to the lord o'th' manor,  
 Was nigh, and saw this lurching whelp  
 Slinging his stick, so ran to help  
 His brother, but he found him tumbl'd,  
 At which be sure his gizzard grumbl'd;  
 Curse your fly pate, says he, Ulysses,  
 You lousy lurching scoundrel, this is

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One of your old damn'd roguish tricks,  
 This laming folks by flinging sticks,  
 But you shall fairly knock me down,  
 Or rot me but I'll crack your crown;  
 This said, his crabtree stick he long  
 Rattled about his ears ding-dong,  
 But the fly Grecian's nob so thick  
 Bid bold defiance to his stick,  
 On which the Trojan chang'd his stroke,  
 And with a Highland flourish broke  
 Two of his ribs, when Pallas put  
 Her hand between, and sav'd his gut;  
 Ulysses, tho' with pain it fill'd him,  
 Was pretty sure he had not kill'd him;  
 So drawing back a step or two,  
 Soccus, says he, I think 'tis now  
 My turn to have a knock at you,  
 And for the stroke you've been so civil  
 To give, I'll send you to the devil:  
 Whilst he was laying forth the case,  
 He grinn'd with such an ugly face,  
 That Soccus really thought the elf  
 Had been Sir Belzebub himself,  
 Which scar'd him so he durst not stay,  
 But whipp'd about and ran away;  
 The flying broomstick reach'd his back,  
 And fell'd him down with such a whack

Against a stone, it cut his hat,  
 And beat his long sharp nose quite flat;  
 Then, as upon the ground they lay,  
 Ulysses thus was heard to say:

My Trojan friends, lye you two there  
 Till Christmas next, for aught I care;  
 Your mam. will hardly hither pop,  
 Nor can your daddy leave his shop  
 To come your funeral to grace  
 With sable cloak, and crying face,  
 But leaves that task to coffin-makers,  
 Or rueful long-phizz'd undertakers;  
 Now, when I dye, I know our vicar  
 Will make 'em bind my grave with wicker,  
 Where all my friends, if right I think,  
 Will drink and sob, and sob and drink:  
 Whilst he was jabb'ring in this strain,  
 His bruise began to give him pain,  
 Then lifting up his dirty shirt  
 He found he'd got a plaguy hurt,  
 And, the misfortune still to crown,  
 The Trojans saw his blood run down,  
 Which made 'em press so close, the whelp  
 Ran stoutly now, and roar'd for help;  
 Thrice did Atrides hear him further  
 Than fifty furlongs roar out murder,  
 On which the Spartan bully cry'd  
 To Ajax, who was at his side,

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I'm sure that something much amiss is,  
 For murder! murder! roars Ulysses;  
 So wide his mouth would hardly gape,  
 Were he not in some, cursed scrape;  
 To bring him off we both must run,  
 Else, by my soul, we're all undone;  
 For tho' he's strong, yet Ferdinando  
 Can do no more than one man can do;  
 And if of him we are bereft,  
 There is but one good council left:  
 Tho' counsellors are understood  
 To do more harm thrice told than good,  
 Yet here the rule don't fully hold,  
 For he can box as well as scold;  
 But the damn'd knaves in Wrangler's-Hall  
 Are good for nothing but to bawl,  
 And when you kick 'em for their jaw,  
 They take the kicks, and take the law.  
 Then where the roaring came from, they  
 With hasty strides direct their way;  
 'Twas lucky they so soon did stickle,  
 For he was in a grievous pickle;  
 The smell was potent where he stood,  
 ('Tis an ill wind blows no man good)  
 For by its help they nos'd him out,  
 Tho' compass'd by his foes about:  
 As yotinkers at a country school,  
 When they've an heap of apples stole.

One youth, that he may fair divide,  
 Across the apples stands astride,  
 When lo the master, dreadful case!  
 Pops in his unexpected face;  
 At his approach they scour away,  
 And leave the undivided prey;  
 The pedant then asserts his claim,  
 And bears the apples to his dame:  
 Thus Ajax made 'em all run faster  
 Than the boys scamper'd from their master;  
 For when the late exulting foe  
 His huge enormous broomstick saw,  
 Who should get first away they strove,  
 And ran as if the devil drove;  
 On this great Menelaus pisses,  
 Then went to help his friend Ulysses,  
 And part by strength, and part by art,  
 Got him shov'd up into a cart;  
 Whilst Ajax with his stick pursu'd  
 The flying, frighten'd, routed croud,  
 Paid 'em about, but first begun  
 With Doryclus, old Priam's son,  
 A youth that often walk'd the Park  
 To pick up wenches in the dark;  
 Pandocus next he struck hap hazard,  
 And laid his stick across his mazzard  
 With so much force, it made his mouth ache,  
 And gave him a d—d fit o'th' tooth ache;

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The pimp at Haddock's bagnio,  
 Pyraclus, felt the next great blow,  
 Ajax a swindling broomstick threw,  
 That bruise'd his rump all black and blue,  
 Which paid the rascal well for pimping,  
 And sent him to his brothel dimping;  
 Lyfander next, an Irish broker,  
 A mettled fellow and a joker,  
 Met with this clumsy Grecian cock,  
 And got a most infernal knock,  
 Made him so sick, he fell to bokeing,  
 And for a twelvemonth spoilt his joking;  
 Palertes last, a freeborn Troyman,  
 A noted jeweller and toyman,  
 Got tumbled down, whilst all his toys  
 Made a confounded clatt'ring noise;  
 Thus, when you 'gin to smell a sink,  
 You pump away to clear the sink,  
 A deluge issues through the grates,  
 And drives down rotten shrimps and sprats,  
 Tumbles the garbage o'en and o'er,  
 Till it has reach'd the common shore;  
 Just so before him as he rumbl'd  
 Both carts, and men, and horses tumbld,  
 Hector was to the left a mile,  
 Pelting the Grecians all the while,  
 Kicking the ragged sons of bitches  
 By dozens into muddy ditches:

There Nestor and the Cretan stood,  
 And stopp'd his kicking all they cou'd,  
 But spite of them this furious loon  
 Kick'd the poor rogues like nine-pins down:  
 Paris, who rode Atrides boot in,  
 Was practising the art of shooting,  
 That he might make his aim more certain,  
 Than Wilkes himself, or even Martin,  
 Took opportunity i'th' nick  
 To lend the Grecian quack a prick;  
 The arrow made his shoulder smack,  
 And the Greeks trembl'd for their quack.  
 The Cretan then to Nestor spoke,  
 Come here, old weather-beaten rock,  
 I've better business far for you  
 Than aught you can by boxing do,  
 Go take your higler's cart, and lay on  
 The wounded doctor, Don Machaon,  
 And drive him off; if he is lost  
 We all may feel it to our cost;  
 You know it well, nor you alone,  
 He cures more kinds of wounds than one,  
 And but for his great skill, you know  
 You had been rotten long ago:  
 Nestor obeys, and sans delay  
 Convey'd the wounded quack away,  
 And with an almost fire-new thong  
 Dusted his raw-bon'd tits along;



And as his geldings lamely tript,  
 He whipt and cough'd, and cough'd and whipt.  
 Now Hector's carter, who could see  
 Above as far again as he,  
 Looking the Trojan files along,  
 Soon saw where things were going wrong :  
 Whilst here we fight genteel and civil,  
 Quoth he, there's Ajax plays the devil;  
 Mind how the bully swears and curses,  
 And oversets both carts and horses;  
 I know the whelp by one sure sign,  
 His fist's as big as three of mine;  
 Then let's be jogging to assist  
 Our friends to 'scape his mutton fist,  
 Else, by our mighty Trojan founders,  
 He'll lay 'em all as flat as flounders :  
 He said no more, but quickly got  
 His geldings smack'd into a trot,  
 O'er legs and arms he drove so smart,  
 He sprink'd the foot-board of the cart,  
 And daub'd it rarely with the stains  
 Of blood and mud, and guts and brains,  
 Which fill'd the axle-tree so full  
 The horses had a far worse pull  
 Than if they'd lugg'd a brewer's dray,  
 Or country waggon full of hay :  
 The Grecians thought by standing close  
 To keep him out, but such a dose

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With his oak stick the Trojan gave 'em,  
 They trusted to their heels to save 'em;  
 Whilst he their sides so nimbly switch'd,  
 They thought the fellow was bewitch'd;  
 Then from his cart he ply'd 'em thick,  
 With first a broomstick, then a brick,  
 And fell'd 'em down with just such knocks  
 As bumpkins lend their Shrovetide cocks,  
 Flinging his sticks at such a rate,  
 He always broke a leg or pate;  
 By such hard knocks as these he made  
 The Greeks so horribly afraid,  
 That they employ'd their utmost might in  
 Running away, instead of fighting;  
 And Ajax felt such queerish twitches,  
 His courage jump'd into his breeches,  
 He therefore found, when folks begun for't,  
 His own thick legs dispos'd to run for't,  
 But taking care that none should say  
 Great Ajax ran, he walk'd away,  
 And, lest they should his rear attack,  
 He kept a constant peeping back:  
 Thus, on an evening have I seen;  
 With pious face, on Bethnal-Green,  
 An inspir'd cobbler mount a tub,  
 And preach to ev'ry ragged scrub,  
 Tho' dirt and rotten eggs flew round,  
 Yet inspiration kept his ground,

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Nor, till he'd preach'd his sermon out,  
 Would stir a step, and then did do't  
 With as much gravity as if  
 To be inspir'd was to be stiff;  
 Thus heavy Ajax bore the cuffings  
 Of all the Trojan raggamuffins,  
 And walk'd as slow as if he'd been  
 The preaching cobbler of the Green;  
 In Spanish strides his knees he bent,  
 And grumb'd all the way he went;  
 Thus have I seen a land-cart also  
 Devour a farmer's clover-grass,  
 The farmer, with his wife and man,  
 To drive him out do all they can,  
 But tho' they pour a heavy tide  
 Of rattling hedgestakes on his side,  
 The beast, as patient as he's dull,  
 Eats till he crams his belly full,  
 And then, insensible of pain,  
 Deliberately walks off again;  
 Whilst Ajax strutted off demurely,  
 The Trojans bang'd his potlid purely;  
 Sometimes he turn'd about to swear  
 He'd break their bones if they came near;  
 Then march'd away, but as he trod  
 Threaten'd them with an angry nod,  
 Whilst they, to keep up this queer battle,  
 With brick-bats make his potlid rattle:

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Euripolus, who saw them skelp him,  
 Resolv'd at any rate to help him,  
 And did his knotty broomstaff lay on  
 The Trojan hosier, Apasaon,  
 Whose nob he lent a knock that broke it,  
 At which he ran to pick his pocket;  
 Paris was ever on the watch  
 These low pick-pocket rogues to catch,  
 He hated all such dirty jobs,  
 As stealing hats, and picking fobs,  
 Not but the dog himself, 'twas said,  
 Would oft pick up—a maiden-head,  
 But then he thought no sin lay there,  
 Because 'twas perishable ware;  
 In other things he was in truth,  
 A very good church-going youth,  
 Of th' catechize could read some part,  
 And say the whole Lord's prayer by heart;  
 He saw this pilf'ring Grecian lout  
 Turn Apasaon's pockets out,  
 On which he let an arrow fly,  
 That tore his breeks, and cut his thigh,  
 Made the rogue sweat and grin with pain,  
 And sent him hobbling back again,  
 But yet before he stirr'd one bit,  
 He made a speech; and this is it:  
 O Greeks, I fear your courage fails ye,  
 In god's name, what the devil ails ye?



I've left poor Ajax in a sweat,  
 And if you do not quickly get  
 To his assistance, I'll be shot  
 But his hard nob must go to pot;  
 The Trojans do so sorely pelt,  
 That if his potlid and his belt  
 Did not secure his rump so gummy,  
 His buttocks must be thrash'd to mummy,  
 And if you could but see 'em now,  
 I'll answer for't they're black and blue;  
 For god's sake, neighbours, run and help him,  
 You'd wonder how the rascals skelp him.  
 Whilst he was speaking, from the rout  
 About a dozen fellows stout  
 Took heart of grace, and ventur'd out;  
 Some held their leathern potlids o'er him,  
 And others clapp'd their staves before him;  
 Whilst thus their fainting friend they shroud,  
 Ajax struts up and joins the croud,  
 Then on a sudden, growing stout,  
 He puff'd his cheeks, and fac'd about;  
 Thus things went on, and all the while  
 Nestor had jerk'd his tits a mile,  
 And with a wond'rous deal of flogging  
 Made a hard shift to keep them jogging;  
 Smoking with sweat, amidst the throng,  
 They lugg'd the wounded quack along;

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Just then Achilles, as it's said,  
Was sitting at the main-mast head,  
From whence he saw the Greeks all spent,  
And cudgel'd to their hearts' content;  
With joy he saw the Trojans lay on  
The bones of all, except Machaon;  
As for the doctor, 'cause that he  
Once cur'd him of a gonorrhæ,  
Besides a hoarseness and a pthisick,  
And charg'd but eighteen-pence for physick,  
He therefore felt a little touch  
Of pity, tho' it was not much;  
When casting down his eyes below,  
Patroclus working hard he saw  
Mending an old blue rusty jacket  
So torn he'd much ado to tack it;  
On which he to his chum below  
Roars out, Halloo, my buff, halloo!  
Patroclus then began to lug  
From his left jaw a fine large plug,  
Then clear'd his throat, and spit and cough'd,  
And halloo'd out, Who calls aloft?  
Stop, \* avast heaving; is it you?  
What have you got for me to do?  
Whate'er you want by sea or land,  
Keel-haul me but I'll lend a hand.

\* A sea-term.

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Achilles thus: Through various rubs  
 We two have long been loving scrubs;  
 With joy my very heart doth tickle  
 To find the Greeks in such a pickle;  
 Tho' their chub-headed chief did flout me,  
 I knew they could not do without me;  
 Soon they'll be here with fobs and moans,  
 And down upon their marrow-bones:  
 But I want you, my chum, to go  
 To Nestor's oyster-boat, to know  
 What made him flog his founder'd cattle  
 In such a splutter from the battle,  
 And if he did not lug some cock  
 Whose pate or ribs had got a knock,  
 I fear it is our trusty quack,  
 But I could only see his back,  
 Nor for my blood and guts could I  
 A corner of his face espy,  
 (Tho' I with all my eyes did look)  
 The horses did so puff and smoke.

Patroclus then shook off his fleas,  
 And button'd both his breeches knees,  
 Fetch'd his best hat, and then did scour,  
 But in a sad unlucky hour,  
 In a curs'd minute was he sent,  
 For Hector made him soon repent;  
 Howe'er that be, through all the throng  
 Of boats and huts he popp'd along.

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And soon the queer old Grecian met,  
 Just 'lighted in a reeking sweat:  
 Eurymedon with care and art  
 Unloos'd his horses from the cart;  
 Nestor, who was confounded hot  
 With flogging, had a dishclout got,  
 Which serv'd to wipe his greasy face;  
 And e'er he put it in its place,  
 Close by the wounded quack he stood,  
 And wip'd away both sweat and blood;  
 Then gap'd awhile to catch a breeze  
 Was coming fresh from off the seas;  
 But staid not long before they went  
 To seek for shelter in the tent:  
 Nestor then order'd Hecomede,  
 A red-hair'd wench of royal breed,  
 (Which Greece to give th' old cock agreed,  
 To keep of girls his slender stock up,  
 And use when he could wind his clock up)  
 Without delay to fetch a cup,  
 And make a cooling mixture up;  
 But first this handmaid held it meet  
 Before they drank to make 'em eat,  
 So spread a table with blue feet  
 Made of good firr, which he had bought  
 In Broker's-Alley for a groat;  
 Whereon she plac'd a spanking dish,  
 Then fill'd it full, but not with fish;



Of better stuff, she pour'd a flood in,  
 And that was smoking hasty pudding;  
 With this she mixt, for this old coney-  
 Catcher, an honest pint of honey,  
 Then rubb'd a salted garlic head  
 Upon a mouldy crust of bread:  
 This done, a bowl that formerly  
 Belong'd the taylors' company,  
 And giv'n th' old Greek for his advice  
 'Bout cabbage, cucumbers, and lice,  
 Matters of great concern and weight  
 To this large body corporate,  
 Of cross-legg'd thieves, who earn their bread,  
 By buckram, staytape, silk, and thread;  
 To make it fine the taylors' beadies  
 Had stuck it full of ends of needles:  
 Now you must know this bowl of wood  
 Upon a pair of cross-legs stood;  
 About a dozen wooden pegs  
 Fasten'd this pair of bandy legs;  
 Four handles did the sides adorn,  
 Two made of wood, and two of horn;  
 Two out of four of horn were made;  
 To shew the fate of half the trade;  
 O'th' top of each of which a pair  
 Of heads resembling snipes did stare,  
 With beaks so sharp, in many a case  
 Of bodkins they supply'd the place:

Three quarts it held, and yet when full  
 Could this old foaker at a pull  
 Drink it half off and never fob;  
 But few with him could bear a bob;  
 This bowl the nymph of high degree,  
 As handsome as a cook should be,  
 Fill'd with the drink, of which I boasted,  
 Rare Yorkshire ale with apples roasted.  
 This for the quack did she prepare,  
 But Nestor got the better share;  
 'Twould do you good to see the pull  
 Th' old foaker took of this \*lamb's-wool;  
 And all his life he did forecast,  
 To get the first tip and the last.  
 Their thirst be'ng partly quench'd, they chatter  
 Of this and that, and t'other matter;  
 And tho' Patroclus now drew near,  
 They made such din they could not hear  
 Nor see him, till he did present  
 His proper self before the tent,  
 Nestor then starting makes a stir,  
 And cries, Your humble servant, sir,  
 I'm mighty glad to see you here,  
 Please to walk in and take a chair.

Patroclus thus: I cannot sit,  
 But with your leave will stand a bit;

\* Ale with roasted apples in it is called Lamb's-wool.

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For I have heard my granny say,  
That whilst you stand, you do not stay.  
Achilles saw your cart go past,  
And therefore sent me out post haste  
To learn what Grecian your old cattle  
Were lugging from the field of battle;  
But to my grief I plainly view,  
Old friend Machaon it was you.  
I know altho' I am no wizard,  
Achilles will be vext to th' gizzard,  
To find your naggs came puffing with  
Our bold and learned p—smith;  
This news however I will carry  
With speed, so ask me not to tarry,  
I'll tell him, what I see and hear;  
But if I stay, you know he'll swear.

Nestor replies, I fear Achilles,  
In a d—'d sulky humour still is,  
But if he really asks about us,  
And did not send you here to flout us,  
I'll tell you all, for this misfortune  
Is nought to what's behind the curtain;  
This learned skilful doctor's not  
The only hero that has got  
A broken shin or kick o'th' a—;  
But many a fierce look'd son of Mars,  
As bold as Major Sturgeon's fled  
To cure a broken shin or head;

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Nay several bruisers, men of note,  
 Have got their teeth knock'd down their throat;  
 Ulysses has got such a stroke  
 That half his ribs are almost broke,  
 And some damn'd heavy footed foe  
 Has trod upon poor Diom's toe;  
 Besides, the blood by gallons flows  
 From great Eurypolus's nose;  
 But whether we are drubb'd or nor,  
 Achilles doth not mind a jot;  
 Nay, should the Trojans burn our fleet,  
 I reckon he'll be glad to see't:  
 Greek after Greek gets rapt o'th' knuckles,  
 Whilst he sits still and grins and chuckles;  
 The devil fetch old Time, I say,  
 For stealing all my strength away:  
 O! that I was but half as strong  
 As when I drove the world along!  
 From Elis fetch'd a roaring bull,  
 And crack'd their general's scull;  
 Then drove th' Epeans all like thunder,  
 And got the lord knows what of plunder;  
 Their herds of sheep when we did meet 'em,  
 We very seldom fail'd to eat 'em;  
 Then stole their breeding mares, all big  
 With foal, and many a goat and pig;  
 These things I did when but a boy,  
 And made my daddy jump for joy:

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Elis, thus basted, hung their ears,  
 And grumbling paid their old arrears;  
 And Pylian knight, so special poor,  
 They turn'd a farthing three times o'er  
 Before it went, now found their breeches  
 Pockets too shallow for their riches.  
 When Elis first came out to dare us,  
 They thought they easily could scare us,  
 Because one Hercules, a bully,  
 Had almost done our business fully:  
 Twelve lads my father got, and he  
 Demolish'd ev'ry soul but me;  
 Howe'er we ventur'd out to kick 'em,  
 Resolv'd to lose our lives or lick 'em,  
 Which faith we did, and made 'em glad  
 To give to my old crusty dad  
 Three dozen ewes, they ow'd him that  
 For cheating him o'th' gold-lac'd hat,  
 Which he had won at May-Day fair  
 By proving the best cudgel play'r; —  
 Both his lac'd hat and cudgel too  
 The constable detain'd, but now  
 We made the rogues severely rue.  
 What more we got, myself dealt out  
 Amongst our jolly boys so stout;  
 But in three days they came again,  
 Both horses, carts, and drunken men,

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Old Actor's sons, two bullying roysters,  
 Whose mother sells fine Welflit oysters  
 Under a bulk in Drury-lane;  
 These bastards led this drunken train:  
 Thryoessa a pretty village,  
 Not fam'd, as you may think, for fillage,  
 Because upon a rock it lay,  
 Was the last place we had that way;  
 That little town, if you'll enquire,  
 Ended the bound of Pylos' shire,  
 'Twas there the rascals came to see us,  
 And cross'd a dike they call Alphæus;  
 But Pallas came one foggy night,  
 Turn out, says she, my boys, and fight,  
 On which with speed we left our rock,  
 And march'd to give the dogs a knock;  
 I first got ready, but my dad,  
 Afraid lest they should hurt his lad,  
 Lock'd up my boats and jacket-too,  
 And d——'d his eyes if I should go;  
 But wilful I resolv'd to do't,  
 So tramp'd it all the way on foot.  
 By Minyas stream we push'd the bowl,  
 Whilst we look'd o'er the muster roll,  
 And long before the day begun  
 All got their buffskin doublets on,  
 Except myself, for I had none;

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And all our bucks were cloath'd so bare,  
 Not one had got a coat to spare;  
 Then trudg'd it to the very border  
 Of Alphæus stream in train-band order;  
 Quickly, to set all right above,  
 We cook'd a dinner up for Jove,  
 Of something very good and hot,  
 Tho' what it was I've quite forgot:  
 Minerva had a dinner too,  
 The udder of a rare old cow:  
 Alphæus came a meal to seek,  
 For him we stew'd a fine bull's cheek:  
 Neptune we knew was stall'd with fish,  
 We therefore cook'd him up a dish  
 Of lean bull beef with cabbage fry'd,  
 And a full pot of beer beside:  
 Bubble, \* they call this dish, and squeak;  
 Our taylors dine on't thrice a week  
 By th' water-side the men all kept,  
 And in their buffskin doublets slept,  
 All but poor me; but here I had  
 Borrow'd an itchy, lousy plaid  
 Of a Scotch loon, from whom I bought  
 A rare good neckcloth for a great;

\* Fry'd beef and cabbage is a dish so well known by the  
 name of bubble and squeak in town, that it is only for the  
 sake of my country readers I insert this note.

238 THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

Those plaids are special things to watch in,  
 They keep a man so warm with scratching;  
 Th' Epeans, with their loins all bound  
 In carriers belts, our town furround;  
 Soon as the red-fac'd fiery sun  
 Had curl'd his whiskers, and begun  
 To look about him, we to battle  
 March'd out, and made their noddles rattle;  
 And now I box'd it in my waistcoat;  
 Better than some that had a lac'd coat;  
 King Augeas son I tumbl'd down,  
 And with a thumping knock o'th' crown,  
 Gave a confounded broken head  
 To this great spouse of Agamede,  
 A girl so skilful that she knew,  
 Amongst all kind of herbs that grew,  
 None made such bitter drink as rue:  
 I seiz'd his cart when he was down,  
 And swore I'd keep it for my own:  
 My men huzza'd as I led on,  
 And made the drunken scoundrels run,  
 Just like a whirlwind which in town  
 Drives butchers stalls and green-shops down!  
 I smoak'd the rogues, my cudgel maul'd 'em,  
 And my sharp-pointed broomshaft gaul'd 'em;  
 Full fifty carts that day I took,  
 'Tis true, my friends, for all you look

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As much surpriz'd as if that I,  
 Like statesmen, had a mind to try  
 To hum you with a thund'ring lye;  
 Now you must know each cart I got  
 Contain'd two bully-backs of note;  
 None of your wishy-washy sparks,  
 Attorneys hacks and lawyers clerks,  
 But farmers sons rare strong back'd youths,  
 With mutton fists and flounder mouths;  
 But when we came to a dispute,  
 I kick'd the wide mouth'd scoundrels out;  
 Two in each cart you say? why then  
 You must have kick'd a hundred men  
 Out of their carts that day? it's true, sir,  
 I've men alive will vouch it now, sir;  
 And Actor's sons I would, as surely  
 As you stand there, have drubb'd 'em purely;  
 But Neptune saw the whole, and try'd  
 With all his speed to take their side,  
 Because the mother of those roysters  
 Was a good customer for oysters;  
 To save their bacon what doth he,  
 But pops a cloud 'twixt them and me,  
 So thick, one mouthful did I'm sure  
 Make me stand coughing half an hour;  
 And there you might have seen me stuck up,  
 Boaking as if I'd bring my pluck up;

## 240 THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

And would have given any money  
 For Doctor Hill's balsamic honey ;  
 But still I drove the rest in flocks  
 As far as the Olinian rocks ;  
 Then where Alifenum's waters drop,  
 Pallas call'd out, Plague on you, stop,  
 When you begin to kick and cuff,  
 You know not when you've done enough :  
 Yet even there I came i' th' nick  
 To lend the last a hearty kick :  
 Smite both my eyes, I scorn to puff,  
 But here 'twas I that work'd their buff ;  
 On my strong toe this fray depended,  
 Nestor began, and Nestor ended.  
 Our parsons then, to crown this job,  
 Order'd long pray'rs to hum the mob  
 At Pyle ; where the folks, d'ye see,  
 Thank'd Madam Pallas first, then me :  
 Thus when a cub my blood took fire,  
 And made me box it for my shire.  
 The passion of this chum of yours  
 Has kick'd his reason out of doors ;  
 When they have sent us to the devil,  
 Who values then his being civil,  
 Unless the bully will agree  
 To hang himself for company ?  
 The day I ever shall remember,  
 I think 'twas some time in December,

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And blow'd a mackrel gale when we  
 To muster soldiers put to sea;  
 I and Ulysses landed where  
 His father kept the Old Black Bear;  
 We found him with his handmaid Nelly,  
 Preparing timber for the belly;  
 A bull upon a spit he puts,  
 And gave to whoring Jove the guts;  
 Thy good old dad and thee were turning  
 The spit, to keep the meat from burning;  
 Achilles help'd to bear a bob,  
 For troth it was a warmish jobb;  
 He was the first of all to 'spy us,  
 And made a leg as he came nigh us,  
 Told us, if we would pick a bit,  
 He'd cut a slice from off the spit;  
 We neither of us were so nice  
 As stay to be entreated twice;  
 After twelve pots were fairly out  
 We mention'd what we came about;  
 Strong beer will oft make men, you know,  
 As loving as a Trinculo;  
 'Twas so with you two bucks, you kifs'd us,  
 And swore by Jove you would assist us:  
 Your dads spake words worth tuns of gold;  
 Old Peleus said, My son, be bold:  
 We heard a fellow talk an hour  
 In Stephen's Chapel, yet I'm sure,

Nay, on occasion I would swear it,  
 He did not say so much or near it:  
 Your father's speech was rather longer;  
 Quoth he, Tho' Peleus' son be stronger,  
 And for his mother had a witch,  
 Yet when upon too high a pitch  
 He raves and swears, mind you and cool him,  
 And then you easily may rule him.  
 Thus spake your dad; but you, I find,  
 Have quite forgot, or else don't mind;  
 Tho' if you will but try, you may  
 (A will can always find a way)  
 • Persuade him to assist us now,  
 I know he'll do a deal for you,  
 But if some fortune-telling witch,  
 Some long-chin'd, long-nos'd ugly bitch  
 Of Mother Shipton's breed, has made  
 His mighty heart and pluck afraid,  
 Tell him Troy's rogues will change their note,  
 If he'll but lend you his great coat;  
 Put on his bear-skin coat and meet 'em,  
 If they don't run, by g— I'll eat 'em;  
 Back to their village will they scamper,  
 Nor longer thus our Grecians hamper,  
 Each man his own dear self will mind most,  
 And bid the devil take the hind-most.  
 At hearing of this doleful ditty  
 The bold Thessalian, touch'd with pity,



Like a lamp-lighter, o'er the plain,  
 Ran back with all his might and main:  
 It happen'd as he cross'd a place,  
 Where Cox, a justice of the peace,  
 Was sending little whores to jail,  
 For want of pence as well as bail,  
 Just where Ulysses' cock-boats lay,  
 From whence, a very little way,  
 Their jolly parsons us'd to pray,  
 Eurypylus he chanc'd to spy,  
 As the great chief came hopping by,  
 With a sad prick upon his thigh,  
 Which gave the Greek such grievous pain,  
 It made him sweat and smoke again;  
 But I would have it understood,  
 Tho' he look'd blue, his heart was good:  
 Patroclus could not help from crying  
 To see him limp along, when fighting  
 He thus begins: Now, by my soul,  
 You've got into a damn'd bad hole;  
 In an ill day ye sure set out,  
 To get so drubb'd and kick'd about,  
 But say, my friend, how matters stand:  
 Doth Hector hold his heavy hand,  
 Or still bestir his wooden fabre,  
 And all your backs and sides belabour?  
 The chief replies, and faintly reels,  
 This day shall Greece kick up her heels:

Greece, like Britannia, ends her glories,  
 And loyal whigs give way to Tories;  
 The hearts of oak that led us on,  
 All black and blue on board are gone,  
 Where Hector in the shape of Ch—r—m,  
 Swears by his crutches he'll be at 'em,  
 Rather than disoblige L—d B—,  
 He took an oath last night he'd do't,  
 In spite of conscience, pox, or gout;  
 But I could wish that you, my friend,  
 At this fore pinch a hand would lend  
 To find the point of this curst arrow;  
 But borrow first the butcher's barrow,  
 And wheel me to my lodgings, where  
 I've got all sorts of quack'ry geer,  
 And ev'ry kind of ointment which  
 Are good for scabs, or burns, or itch;  
 You best know what, because they say  
 You serv'd three year to Surgeon Gray,  
 And then thought fit to run away:  
 Surgeons of note we have but two,  
 And one is boxing hard just now;  
 The other by the Trojan rout  
 Has almost got his eyes knock'd out.

Patroclus thus replies, My friend,  
 God knows where this strange work will end,  
 For ev'ry drunken rogue can splutter ill,  
 'Bout Wilkes and Glynn, and Bute and Lutterill.

I brought a message to our grandfire,  
 And was returning with his answer  
 To great Achilles; but although  
 He's an impatient whelp, you know,  
 Before I'll leave you in the mud,  
 I'll let him swear till swearing's good.  
 Then, though it made his sinews crack,  
 He took the bully on his back:  
 His handmaid spy'd him from the boats,  
 Riding just like a sack of oats,  
 Gueffing he'd got a broken head,  
 Or some d — d kick o'th' guts, she spread  
 An old cow's hide upon his bed,  
 Patroclus then with very narrow  
 Inspection found the point o'th' arrow,  
 Which he pull'd out as soon as found,  
 And making water in the wound,  
 Wrapp'd an old clout a little greasy  
 About the thigh, and left him easy.

END OF BOOK XI.

# A R G U M E N T.

*THE* Grecian curl'd and knotty pates  
 Are driv'n behind their shabby gates;  
 Hector comes on in furious haste  
 Their mangey sides and ribs to baste;  
 But on a sudden as he goes  
 Finds a small ditch across his nose,  
 On which Polydamas roars out,  
 Tho' carts and horses cannot do't,  
 On foot we'll quickly rumble through't;  
 For though what horses we have got  
 Can leap, we're sure the carts cannot.  
 This council, though it did not cost  
 A single tester, was not lost;  
 Both Cut and Long Tail, Black and Grey,  
 With all their carts they sent away;  
 Then fell by th' ears, when to their view  
 Appear'd a long-legg'd heron-sue  
 That spit an eel: at this dread sight  
 Polydamas, in woeful fright,  
 Comes to his brother Hector puffing,  
 And begg'd him to give over cuffing.  
 Hector, resolv'd to make 'em feel,  
 Damn'd both the heron-sue and eel,  
 And since he's got so far, he swears  
 He'll pull their wall about their ears.  
 Sarpedon too made dismal rout,  
 And threw their hedging stakes about;

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*Pulling them from the wall so fast,  
He made a swinging gab at last.  
Then Hector takes him up a stone,  
Such as our miles are mark'd upon,  
Or rather less, with this he batters  
Their gates, and breaks them all to shatters;  
Then rushing forward dusts their coats,  
And drives them all on board their boats.*

B O O K

*NOW whilst Patroclus play'd the quack,  
The mob each other's borders did invade,  
Gave and receiv'd confused taps  
With many a shouting flap o' the claps:  
On Christmas, a luckless day,  
Their shabby wall of wood they lay  
Was rais'd, which made it soon give way;  
But Homer had a better reason,  
Why it would hardly last a season:  
They hurried to get it up,  
They did not kill a single tap,  
Or pull, or cow, no give their back,  
Of wooden gods a little lack.*

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# HOMER'S ILIAD.

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## B O O K XII.

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**N**OW whilst Patroclus play'd the quack,  
The mob each other's bones did thwack,  
Gave and receiv'd confounded raps  
With many a dowsing slap o'th' chaps:  
On Childermas, a luckless day,  
Their shabby wall of mud they say  
Was rais'd, which made it soon give way;  
But Homer had a better reason,  
Why it would hardly last a season:  
They hurry'd so to get it up,  
They did not kill a single tup,  
Or bull, or cow, to give their pack  
Of wooden gods a little snack:

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This made their hungry parsons grumble,  
 And swear by G---d the wall would tumble;  
 And such a case, I'm pretty clear,  
 Would make a Christian parson swear,  
 When people cease their gods to serve,  
 The jolly priests of course must starve;  
 For far less crimes the bulls of Rome  
 Have kick'd and scar'd all Christendom;  
 To every age and every station  
 Roaring perdition and damnation;  
 And had not one Sir Luther Martin  
 Found that their roaring was but farting,  
 To this good day our empty sculls  
 Had been humbugg'd by Peter's bulls.  
 They say, if God don't build the house,  
 Your labour is not worth a louse;  
 But if he builds, we surely then  
 Should keep, and pay, his journeymen,  
 His journeymen! pray who are they,  
 That we must keep as well as pay?  
 Why, reverend priests, you head of cod,  
 They are the journeymen of God,  
 And rare good journeymen they make,  
 All kinds of work they undertake;  
 For be it spoken to their praise,  
 They'll do their duty twenty ways;  
 And rather than they'll live in strife,  
 Will do your duty for your wife:

## 250 THE TWELFTH BOOK ON

In short, a well-taught priest will try  
 To singe ev'ry mutton pye.  
 Howe'er, in spite of all their swearings,  
 This wall, till they were dead as herrings,  
 Stood on its legs, though thump'd about,  
 And liv'd to see both parties out;  
 But when the Trojan bones were rotten,  
 And all the Grecian rogues forgotten,  
 The neighb'ring streams did all they could  
 To undermine these walls of mud;  
 Their names were Rhesus and Scamander,  
 On which swam many a goose and gander;  
 Æsepus and Heptoporus,  
 With Simois and Grenicus;  
 Carefus full of guts and blood,  
 And Rhesus black with kennel mud;  
 They say, Apollo muster'd all  
 These streams to tumble down this wall;  
 And lest their labour should be vain,  
 Jove sent a thund'ring show'r of rain;  
 Then Neptune seiz'd the time to work,  
 And play'd the devil with his fork,  
 Threw all the dirt about and sticks,  
 Old broken pots, and ends of bricks,  
 And like our bumkins spreading dung,  
 The mud and stones about he flung  
 So dextrously, he laid the shore  
 As level as it was before,

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(Which made th' next generation swear,  
 The de'el a wall had e'er been there;  
 But Homer knew there was, and I do too;  
 Am sure th' old fellow scorn'd to lye;  
 And now the rivers fac'd about  
 To find their antient currents out;  
 Some to cross vales and drain out bogs;  
 Others to wash the sties of hogs;  
 But this would be some other term,  
 As yet it stood secure and firm;  
 Nor had the Trojans done it hurry,  
 Though they kept pelting stones and dirt;  
 And half the Greeks in woeful fright  
 Durst not so much as tarry by't,  
 For thinking Hector very soon  
 Would knock their crazy bulwarks down,  
 And not content to overturn 'em,  
 Go stave their rotten boats, or burn 'em;  
 The better half of these bold fighters  
 Ran like bewitch'd to launch their lighters;  
 For an excuse the cowards all  
 Swore Jove had had so great a call  
 For courage all that week, his store  
 Could not produce a spoonful more  
 To help the luckless Greeks this bout,  
 And their own brandy cask was out.  
 Pale fear, when brandy did not back 'em,  
 Was always ready to attack 'em;

Which now she did in Hector's shape,  
 And made the varlets run and gape;  
 For just as school-boys kick a ball,  
 This furious Trojan kick'd 'em all.  
 Like a mad \* ox from Smithfield driven  
 By butcher's scoundrels, John and Stephen,  
 That gores and tosses in the air  
 The blind and lame that can't get clear.  
 Thus ev'ry Greek that wanted cunning,  
 Or heels to save himself by running,  
 Hector belabour'd with his switch,  
 Or kick'd him quite across the ditch;  
 But when the Trojans reach'd the side  
 Of this great ditch, full three feet wide,  
 It made a shift to stop their courses,  
 Ditches won't do for carts and horses.  
 The wise Polydamas soon saw  
 The cart tits could no further go,  
 So cock'd his mouth, and cry'd halloo,  
 Hip, brother Hector, hark a word,  
 This ditch will stop us by the Lord,  
 Unless with one consent we light,  
 And boldly march on foot to fight;

\* I have heard this evil would long ago have been put a stop to, and beasts not suffered to be driven through the city, but it was apprehended it would breed great confusion to take the freedom of the city from horned cattle.

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Therefore do you, and ev'ry friend,  
That came a helping hand to lend,  
To this my good advice attend :

Our tits can do no more, I think,  
Than bring us to the very brink  
Where now we stand; but if we make 'em  
Attempt to leap, 'tis odds we stake 'em  
Upon a plaguy ugly row  
Of baker's billets there below;  
Besides, betwixt the ditch and wall,  
There is not room for carts and all;  
Tho' the great thund'rer Jove this bout  
Has help'd the Trojans rarely out,  
And made the Grecians fight so tardy,  
Don't let it make our nobs fool-hardy;  
If he these varlets will demolish,  
And all their sweaty race abolish,  
The only wish that I can lend 'em  
Is, that he'll let the devil mend 'em;  
But should they see us in this job  
Crouded just like an English mob,  
Where we can neither fight nor run,  
They'd smash us ev'ry mother's son;  
Nor would the rogues one Trojan spare  
To tell the world what fools we were;  
Then gape with great attention pray,  
And swallow ev'ry word I say:

; and I as fast as I can

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We must, to make these rascals mind us,  
 Send all our nags and carts behind us;  
 When Hector leads us on a foot,  
 The odds are six to one we do't:  
 This is the only way to get 'em,  
 And this good day, please God, we'll sweat 'em.  
 Hector was pleas'd within his heart  
 With this advice, so left his cart,  
 Jump'd on the ground with such a bang,  
 It made his metal buttons twang;  
 Which when the other bloods did see,  
 They all jump'd down as well as he,  
 And bid their drunken carters file off,  
 And wait i'th' rear about a mile off;  
 Then into five good sturdy packs  
 Divided all their bully backs;  
 The first, a race of bucks to stand by,  
 Were headed by the Trojan Granby,  
 Call'd Hector in the Greek; he was  
 Assisted by Polydamas,  
 And bold Cebriones, a wight  
 Could drive a cart as well as fight.  
 The second, and a sturdy band,  
 The whoring Paris did command:  
 Alcathous lent this varlet help,  
 And bold Agenor join'd the whelp,  
 The third obey'd two sons of Priam,  
 Fellows almost as tall as I am;

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Deiphobus, a mighty Sir,  
 And Helenus, a conjurer;  
 To whom was added Asius,  
 A fiery buck from Hyrtacus;  
 His geldings were a yellow dun,  
 But better cart tits never run;  
 Antenor's sons the fourth obey'd,  
 Join'd with that Presbyterian blade  
 Pious Eneas, who, they say,  
 Could stoutly box as well as pray,  
 Which none will wonder at that hears,  
 He serv'd Old Noll in all his wars,  
 Whose rogues, unlike our modern dull dogs,  
 Could pray like saints, and fight like bull dogs.  
 The last tough band was drove with speed on  
 By a bold fellow call'd Sarpedon,  
 A Lycian country squire, whose hounds  
 Had almost eaten up his grounds,  
 Which made him venture in this fray  
 Like some of our militia,  
 To box for honour and for pay;  
 Glaucus did help to guide this crew,  
 And bold Asteropheus too,  
 Two bucks as bold as bold could be,  
 But he was boldest of the three;  
 Each hardy Trojan as he goes  
 Holds up his potlid o'er his nose,

## 256 THE TWELFTH BOOK OF

For fear he might in this tough bout  
 Get one or both his eyes knock'd out.  
 Thus they proceed thro' mud and mire,  
 Spurr'd onward with a keen desire  
 To set the Grecian boats on fire;  
 Certain their hopes will now be crown'd  
 To see the scoundrels burnt or drown'd  
 Whilst thus the Trojans, fans delay,  
 Their leader's good advice obey,  
 The huff-bluff Asius kept his dray,  
 And drove his rits along the plain,  
 But never brought 'em back again;  
 No more this giddy headstrong boy,  
 Je' up'd his yellow duns to Troy;  
 But when he reach'd the other side  
 Idomeneus drubb'd his hide,  
 Now to the left he smok'd along,  
 Amidst a motley Grecian throng  
 Of rogues, that made confounded skips  
 To reach their rotten boats and ships;  
 None look behind to help their mates,  
 But dart like light'ning through the gates;  
 As rabbits pop into their holes,  
 When dogs disturb 'em, so in shoals  
 The Greeks forfok each brake and thicket,  
 And popp'd their noddles through the wicket;  
 When they were there, the better half  
 Could hardly think they yet were safe.

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Thither this hair-brain'd hero flew  
 With his mad, roaring, ranting crew,  
 In wond'rous hopes the Greeks to fouse,  
 Hopes that turn'd out not worth a louse.  
 Two bloods sprang up to guard the gates,  
 With brawny backs, and boom-proof pates:  
 Since to relate their names it meet is,  
 I'll do't; the first was Polepetes;  
 Perithous us'd to trim his mother,  
 And got him; but who got the other  
 I can't assert, or when or where,  
 That he was got is pretty clear,  
 And christen'd too, because his dad  
 Call'd him Leontius when a lad:  
 Both from the Lapith's race did spring,  
 Bold rogues as ever stretch'd a string;  
 Like two thick posts of oak or firr,  
 That neither carts nor drays can stir,  
 (Though drunken draymen drive their dray  
 Against them forty times a day)  
 So firmly stood before the gates  
 This pair of bloods with wooden pates,  
 Nor car'd a straw what Asius' crew  
 Of roaring, noisy whelps could do,  
 Tho' in his front Orestes was  
 Join'd with a buck call'd Acamas;  
 And Cenomaus did appear  
 With serjeant Thoon in the rear;

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But all the airs that they could put on  
 Did hardly signify a button;  
 They made a dreadful hubble-bubble,  
 But got their labour for their trouble,  
 The beefom-shafts that hit the gates,  
 And those that hit these fellows' pates,  
 Bounc'd with the very self-same sound,  
 From gates and pates upon the ground,  
 Which proves that both were sure enough  
 Made of the self-same kind of stuff;  
 But still these Lapiths fight and bawl,  
 And on the Grecian blackguards call;  
 Yet tho' they saw the rascals run,  
 As English guards by chance have done,  
 They ventured by themselves to stay,  
 Nor would they stir an inch, nor they.  
 Like Amadis de Gaul these elves  
 Fac'd a whole army by themselves:  
 Thus have I seen in bushy grounds  
 Two badgers fight a pack of hounds,  
 Bite to the bone each forward whelp,  
 And make the puppies run and yelp;  
 So these two bucks maintain the battle,  
 Tho' broomstaves made their noddles rattle.  
 Now whilst the Greeks possession keep  
 O'th' walls, they box it ancle deep  
 To save their rotten boats and lighters,  
 The devil never saw such fighters.

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As when a keen north wind doth blow,  
 And brings along both fleet and snow,  
 You cannot see, so fast it snows,  
 Above a yard before your nose,  
 As thick as this, or very nigh,  
 Brickbats and stones and broomshafts fly,  
 Spring from their buff-skins with a bound,  
 And hollow pates and potlids sound.  
 When Asius found his labour lost,  
 To make these hangdogs quit their post,  
 Nor stir an inch, do all he could,  
 He then began to damn his blood;  
 And in a furious passion cries,  
 Rot me but Jove himself tells lies,  
 Else we should long ago have sows'd 'em,  
 And either in the salt-sea sows'd 'em,  
 Or fir'd their boats and findg'd the dogs,  
 As city butchers findge their hogs;  
 But like a swarm of wasps hard prest,  
 That gather thick to guard their nest,  
 Like them this spiteful Grecian fry,  
 Kick, scratch, and bite, and sting, and dye;  
 But what most frets my guts and gall—  
 Two thickskull'd scoundrels stop us all;  
 'Tis easier far to break the gates  
 Than either of these rascal's pates.  
 Whilst thus he fum'd as if he'd split,  
 Jove did not mind his noise a bit.

But sat consid'ring with great care,  
 How all the glory he could spare  
 Might fall to honest Hector's share;  
 Like a poor taylor pinch'd for cloth  
 To make a suit, yet very loth  
 To give it up and leave undone  
 A job he'd set his heart upon;  
 So Jove, who'd promis'd Troy he'd let 'em  
 Kick all the Greeks about, and sweat 'em,  
 Was rather puzzl'd how he might  
 Manage this hubble-bubble fight,  
 And not destroy the Grecians quite;  
 But yet he swears, though hard put to't,  
 (Like Snip the taylor with his suit)  
 He'd find some way to piece it out.  
 The Trojans try'd the other gates,  
 And in return got broken pates;  
 Nor was that all, for show'rs of stones  
 The foremost hit, and brake their bones.  
 O Butler's spirit help me out  
 To sing each deed and hero stout;  
 How Greece, like battle royal cocks,  
 Both gave and took most bloody knocks,  
 Whilst all the gods, for whom these sinners  
 Had often cook'd up handsome dinners,  
 Durst neither wag a hand or foot  
 To help their crony Grecians out,

Not but they long'd to join the riot;  
 Jove made the rogues and jades be quiet.  
 But tho' the Grecian gods were civil,  
 Yet by th' assistance of the devil,  
 Or some old Scots or Lapland witches,  
 This pair of thickskull'd sons of bitches  
 In mighty wrath kept boxing on,  
 And knock'd the foremost Trojans down.  
 One Damafus, a bully rock,  
 A fellow that would nim a smock  
 From of a hedge if it was loose,  
 Or steal a barn-door fowl or goose,  
 From Polypcetes got a pat,  
 That knock'd his brains out through his hat;  
 Then Ormenus he tumbled down,  
 And crack'd poor Peter Pylon's crown,  
 An honest soul that kept a pot-house,  
 A little way from Greening's hot-house;  
 Leontius then began to stickle,  
 And laid Hippomachus in pickle;  
 He kept before the Trojan war  
 An oilman's shop near Temple-bar,  
 Next wav'd his quarter-staff, and soon  
 A buckle-maker of renown —  
 Antiphates, came rumbling down,  
 Just as he stepp'd from out the ranks  
 He reach'd his legs and broke his shanks;

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Iamēnus, a great hot-preffer,  
 With Menon too, a leather-dresser;  
 He nick'd them as full butt they came on,  
 And in his passion laid a lame on,  
 By which the first got finely press'd,  
 And t'other had his skin well dress'd;  
 Orestes last, a country put,  
 Got such a cursed knock o'th' gut,  
 It made him gape so wide, the swain  
 Could never shut his mouth again.  
 Now Hector and Polydamas  
 Were cuffing at another pass,  
 Back'd by a blust'ring Trojan crew  
 Of fellows pick'd, and all true blue,  
 Resolv'd to fire the Grecian fleet,  
 And Hector just stark mad to see't;  
 When lo i'th' midst of all the fight,  
 A most uncommon dreadful fight  
 Did all their high flown courage cool,  
 And almost brought 'em to a stool:  
 A heron going out to steal  
 Some fish for breakfast caught an eel,  
 Which he soon gobbl'd down to fill him,  
 But did not take much time to kill him,  
 On which the eel made such a rout  
 Within his gut, he let him out  
 Just at the very time he flew  
 Over this noisy, roaring crew;



But the poor heron scream'd so loud;  
 To lose his breakfast, all the croud  
 Whipp'd up their eyes to look, and soon  
 They saw the eel come wriggling down:  
 The dreadful sight amazed 'em so,  
 You might have fell'd them with a straw.  
 The wise Polydamas we find  
 Ruml'd this matter in his mind,  
 But could not from his gizzard pluck  
 The eel, it in his stomach stuck,  
 On which he with a sapient look  
 Thus to his brother Hector spoke:

Brother, says he, you often swear,  
 When you my faithful counsel hear;  
 And tho' I speak but what I think,  
 You like a heathen damn and sink;  
 But I'm a Trojan, and shan't cease  
 To speak my mind in war or peace;  
 All Englishmen that do so now,  
 The people call them Trojans true;  
 Then take my counsel, if you chuse it,  
 If not, you're welcome to refuse it:  
 'Tis for your credit what I say,  
 For you command, and I obey;  
 This day depend you'll never do't,  
 (Don't swear till you have heard me out)  
 The truth I never will conceal:  
 This long legg'd bird that shit the eel,

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Jove sent just now to let us know  
 How matters with ourselves will go:  
 The bird had gobbl'd up his prey,  
 But could not carry it away;  
 Thus will it fare with us, depend on't;  
 I'm sure it will, so mark the end on't:  
 For though we tumble down the wall,  
 And fire their rotten boats and all,  
 I'll eat my hat, if Jove don't drop us,  
 Or play some queer rogue's trick to stop us.  
 This by my second-sight I know,  
 And Endor's witch will tell you so;  
 Or if she won't, by holy Paul,  
 I'll make her conjure up king Saul.

Hector replies in sober sadness,  
 You'd make a man eat hay for madness;  
 Blast your long jaws, you conj'ring knave,  
 Is this the best advice you have?  
 You know much better things I'm clear,  
 But dare not speak your mind for fear.  
 Did not Jove send down Madam Iris,  
 The rainbow wench, whose tail on fire is,  
 To tell us we their bones should thwack?  
 Then who the devil would turn back?  
 Did not his rusty bombshell roll  
 Till it half crack'd his mustard bowl?

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And all the noise was to the right,  
Only to egg us on to fight,  
And think you I'll such orders slight,  
Or let a slipp'ry eel, god wot,  
Tell me if I shall fight or not,  
I own I may a motion feel  
To eat a slice of collar'd eel ;  
But eels can never, I've a notion,  
Make Hector feel a running motion,  
Unless they make his bowels loose,  
Then make him run to th' little house:  
A brave man waves his cudgel high,  
Asking no witch the reason why,  
But for his country's cause ding-dong  
Let's fly his broomstick right or wrong ;  
For thy part, I am pretty sure,  
Let who will fall thou'lt sleep secure ;  
When all thy friends by scores are dropping,  
Thou'lt find some dirty hole to pop in ;  
And in the steps of Paris treading,  
Secure a hole to put your head in ;  
But if a single Trojan follows  
Such rogue's examples, by Apollo's  
Red fiery whiskers, I shall soon  
Be up with you and crack your crown ;  
I'll keep this broomstick ready for you,  
So mind your hits, look sharp and stir you.

At this he ran, and made a halloo  
 For all his ragged rogues to follow.  
 These trusty Trojans one and all  
 Obey their roaring leader's call,  
 Like him they run and roar and shout,  
 And make their broomsticks fly about;  
 Then Jove from Ida sent a gust,  
 And blinded all the Greeks with dust,  
 A stratagem he just then thought on  
 Would greatly help this Trojan Broughton.  
 Thus back'd by Jove, these Roysters batter  
 The walls and gates with dreadful clatter,  
 Pull up the stakes that fence the wall,  
 And down the dirt and pebbles fall;  
 But still the half-blind Grecians yet  
 Battl'd as high as they could get,  
 And sent a nimble-footed swain  
 To beg the tanners in Long-lane  
 Would lend them all their hides in hair,  
 And tan'd one's too that they could spare,  
 With horns and hoofs, all which they laid  
 To stop the gaps that Hector made;  
 Then close, and box it tooth and nail,  
 Whilst horns and broomsticks fly like hail.

The two Ajaces stirr'd their stumps,  
 And whilst they deal most bitter thumps  
 Amongst the Trojans, were not slack  
 To clap their comrades on the back.

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The brave recovered soon their fright,  
 But rogues they kick'd to make 'em fight;  
 Whilst one employ'd both foot and hand  
 In drubbing rogues that durst not stand,  
 The other spoke these words, or near it;  
 And no bad speech; but you shall hear it:

Ye Grecians, who at country fairs  
 Have shewn yourselves good cudgel play'rs,  
 By which you've got both hats and fame,  
 And ye who hope to do the same,  
 Tho' ev'ry man can't box his two,  
 Yet something ev'ry man may do;  
 The strong good sturdy thumps may deal  
 To make yon scoundrel Trojans feel,  
 And roar as loud as they, and louder;  
 The weak will make good food for powder:  
 A day is come when great and small  
 Must look out sharp, there's work for all,  
 And ev'ry buck that is but bold  
 May gain new fame, or splice the old,  
 Hearten the valiant on, and stop  
 The sneaking rogues that give it up.  
 Then tune your rusty windpipes all,  
 And roar as loud as you can bawl;  
 For tho' we yield to Troy in whoring,  
 We sure can match the dogs in roaring:  
 Thus, if Jove pleases, we once more  
 May drub 'em as we've done before.

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This speech reviv'd their courage so,  
That show'rs of broken pots they throw.  
Have you not seen a sodomite  
Advanced a very proper height  
Upon a rare machine, which we  
The vulgar call a pillory,  
So fast and thick the crowd below  
Their rotten eggs and dung bestow,  
You see in less than half an hour  
The rogue and pillory cover'd o'er;  
So fast did broken pots and stones  
Fly down to break the Trojans' bones.  
Now Hector and his bucks did strive  
The gates from off the hooks to drive;  
But did not gain of ground one inch,  
Nor would the purblind Grecians flinch.  
Jove quickly saw some help they'd need on,  
So sent his bastard, bold Sarpedon,  
And blew his courage up so high,  
He did not seem to walk, but fly:  
A greasy leather coat he wore,  
And high in air his potlid bore;  
A mighty furious targe it was,  
Made of a cow-skin tipp'd with brass.  
He shook two broomstaves thick and strong,  
And frowning lugg'd his knaves along.  
Thus have I seen an ill-look'd thief,  
By sailors call'd a press-gang chief,

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Look fierce, tho' by a mob pursu'd,  
 And ston'd and hiss'd at by the crowd;  
 Yet, 'spite of all the distant war,  
 Seizes some helpless, friendless tar:  
 Just so this roaring blade Sarpedon  
 His Lycian shirtless rogues did lead on,  
 Darting such looks against the wall,  
 As if he'd eat it stones and all;  
 Then squinting at his trusty friend,  
 Who always did his steps attend,  
 Thus speaks: I'm sore afraid, friend Glaukus,  
 That all the neighbourhood will joke us;  
 What boots it then to have it said,  
 That we chief constables are made,  
 And therefore with churchwardens dine,  
 Where we drink beer, and punch, and wine  
 Free gratis\*, whilst poor rascals gape,  
 And as we pass 'em bow and scrape;  
 What signifies these honours, if  
 We don't exceed these raff and riff  
 As much, or rather more in fighting,  
 Than either reading well or writing,  
 Making the thickskull'd varlets stare  
 To see us buy our posts so dear,  
 And own we've earn'd by toil and sweat  
 More pudding than we e'er shall get;

\* Free gratis.—The common people always put these two words together.

Then will each cry, Such folks may be  
 Chief constable, or lords for me;  
 Could all our cares but save our breath,  
 Or ward a broken pate from death,  
 I would not ask my friend to fight,  
 More might be lost than gotten by't;  
 But since grim death will, soon or late,  
 Lend us a swinging knock o'th' pate,  
 Whether, when once the fray's begun,  
 We stay to box it out or run,  
 And old age with his grizzle locks,  
 Add gouty pains t' our half-cur'd pox,  
 The life that brandy, whores, and claps,  
 Will help old Time to steal by scraps,  
 Let's boldly risque; that people may,  
 Whene'er our names are mention'd, say,  
 With one consent, both young and old,  
 These honest souls are hearts of gold.  
 The speech was hardly clos'd when this chief  
 Found his friend ready cock'd for mischief;  
 The Lycians shake their staves and follow  
 Their leaders with a whoop and halloo:  
 As they mov'd forward Peteus' son  
 Look'd sharp, and saw them coming on,  
 Which put him in so great a fright,  
 His long lank hair stood bolt upright,  
 And in his weem he felt a motion,  
 As if he'd ta'en a purging potion;

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But what was worst, he hardly felt it  
 Above a moment, ere he smelt it :  
 On which he peep'd about to spy  
 If any trusty Greeks were nigh,  
 When to his joy he saw the places  
 Where Teucer stood with both th' Ajaces,  
 Spring like devils on a row ;  
 Fig. . . . roars, Soho, Soho ;  
 To whom he . . . say'd his wind  
 But might as well have . . .  
 To cool his pottage, for we find  
 The clatt'ring cudgels made such noise  
 As would have drown'd old Stentor's voice.  
 Full on the walls their broomstaves bump,  
 And on the gates their brickbats thump,  
 Making such fearful din and rout,  
 Jove's thunder seem'd but farting to't.  
 When thus Menestheus speaks to Thoos :  
 Those Lycian rogues to hell will blow us,  
 If you don't run and tell th' Ajaces,  
 How lamentably bad our case is ;  
 Urge them to scamper to our aid,  
 For, o' my soul, I'm sore afraid  
 Of that same roaring Lycian blade. }  
 Say from yourself, pray how the pox  
 Can he defend his centry box ?  
 And all alone make good his quarters,  
 Gainst such a host of Lycian Tartars

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But if hard switch'd themselves they are,  
 Beg they will bully Ajax spare,  
 Along with serjeant Teucer, who  
 Can do good bus'ness with his bow.  
 Away he starts, and like a man  
 Through all the crowd the beadle ran;  
 He found the bullies on the plain  
 Boxing it till they smok'd again.  
 To whom he cries, W' . . .  
 With riss raff . . . must here you fight  
 Merc' . . . rogues from morn to night,  
 . . . theus, in a sad condition,  
 Has sent me humbly to petition,  
 That some of you great heroes stout  
 Will come with me and help him out;  
 For two great Lycian bullies now  
 Threaten to thrash him black and blue:  
 But adds, if on this dang'rous pinch,  
 You seem afraid these buffs will flinch,  
 He humbly hopes great Ajax, you Sir,  
 Will come along with serjeant Teucer.  
 At this great Ajax fac'd about  
 To go himself and help him out;  
 But tho' he was no friend to jawing,  
 And knew 'twas time he should be going,  
 He thought it proper now to say  
 Something before he march'd away;  
 Brave Lycomedes, and you Oileus,  
 Says he, look sharp and you shall see us

Go drub yon lousy rogues, and then  
 We'll in a twink be back again;  
 But take great care you both stand fast,  
 And battle till your broomsticks last;  
 For if you let your courage fail ye,  
 Depend these Trojan whelps will nail ye;  
 Then call'd Pandion, hark ye, you Sir,  
 Come here and take this bow for Teucer,  
 Since Hector gave him such a fell blow  
 Upon his stomach and his elbow,  
 The harmless lad can scarce with ease  
 Lug his own share of bread and cheese;  
 Then with long strides the thick legg'd self  
 Carry'd his potlid and himself;  
 Next Teucer after him did go,  
 And then Pandion with the bow;  
 Now on the wall the Lycians low'r  
 Like a black heavy thunder show'r;  
 The Greeks, tho' mighty weak i'th' joints,  
 Receive 'em on their broomstick points,  
 Renew the fray with double force,  
 And roar till they're with roaring hoarse;  
 And midst their bawling and their hissing,  
 They cry'd to keep themselves from pissing;  
 Finding their water would come out,  
 They thought it best without dispute,  
 Rather than wet both breeks and thighs,  
 To let it bubble through their eyes.

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Whilst thus they scuffle, Ajax soon  
 Came up, and fetch'd Epicles down,  
 A bottle friend of this Sarpedon,  
 And one that he had often need on,  
 Because like him, no man 'tis said  
 Could ferret out a maiden-head,  
 By which you see he was an imp,  
 By honest people call'd a Pimp;  
 But royal pimps despise disgrace,  
 Because they're sure to get a place,  
 Tho' their own sisters they should dish up,  
 And then stand pimp like scoundrel B—

The clumsy Greek had pois'd his stick,  
 When he espy'd a double brick  
 Had tumbl'd from the wall, not two  
 Of our poor dogs could throw it now;  
 Nor even with both hands could raise,  
 (They made large bricks in former days)  
 He swung it round, away it fled  
 Ten yards above the Lycian's head,  
 Then fell upon the varlet's crown,  
 And with a rattle brought him down  
 Have you not seen the yonkers make  
 A diving match upon the lake?  
 Halfpence are to the bottom thrown,  
 Which he that fetches calls his own,  
 And that they may the deeper sink  
 Pop from the trees that shade the brink:

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Thus did the luckless Lycian fall;  
 And nimbly dy'd from off the wall;  
 But did not when he touch'd the plain  
 So nimbly find his legs again.  
 Glaucus was lugging at a stick,  
 When Teucer gave his arm a prick;  
 But as he knew his varlets won'd  
 All scamper, if they saw his blood,  
 He took good care to hide the gap,  
 And whipp'd it under his coat lap;  
 Then finding he must leave the fray,  
 Like an old Fox he stole away.  
 Sarpedon saw, and angry grew  
 To lose his pimp and bully too;  
 But his great fury to engage,  
 Soon made him turn his grief to rage.  
 He seiz'd that time his staff to lay on,  
 A harmless Grecian call'd Alcmaon,  
 A commissary's clerk, no fighter,  
 But an accountant and a writer;  
 Instant a bloody riv'let flows  
 From the unlucky varlet's nose,  
 And as upon the grass he tumbld  
 His inkhorn 'gainst his ruler rumbl'd  
 Sudden the wall the conqueror shakes,  
 And pulls up all the hedging stakes;  
 With such a force he shook, that soon  
 Rubbish by pecks came tumbling down.

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And made a gap as large and wide  
 As Madam \*\*\*'s, that wou'd, if try'd,  
 Admit, in any kind of weather,  
 Two troopers on a breast together.  
 At this bold Teucer twang'd his bow,  
 And Ajax let a broomshaft go;  
 The arrow stuck upon his belt,  
 The beefom shaft his potlid felt;  
 But tho' with rage the stick was cast hard,  
 Jove swore it should not hurt his bastard.  
 Howe'er his fury did not slack,  
 Altho' he drew a little back,  
 Not with design to run, but that  
 He might repay 'em tit for tat.  
 Loud as a bell in Stepney steeple  
 He thus encouraged all his people:  
 Lycians, who feast on cakes and ale,  
 Let not your noble courage fail,  
 Else Trojans will be apt to think  
 Soup meagre's been your meat and drink;  
 You see with many a bitter rap  
 I've made at last a handsome gap,  
 But I shall never gain the top,  
 Unless you help to shove me up;  
 Therefore, let's join our jowls together,  
 And pelt 'em spite of wind and weather.  
 The Lycians heard this speech, and slap  
 They ran like smoke to reach the gap;

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The Greeks stood stiffly, and as soon  
 As they came up they knock'd 'em down;  
 Nor did the Lycians, tho' so stout,  
 Force in, or yet be quite kept out,  
 Thus have I seen within a college  
 Two learned owls of little knowledge  
 Dispute for hours, and when they'd done,  
 Leave off as wise as they begun;  
 Nor would they in the annual round  
 Obtain or lose one inch of ground;  
 For you'll observe a learned tup,  
 Tho' wrong, will never give it up,  
 Just such a stubborn bout this was  
 To gain or lose the dusty pass.  
 Many bold Trojans' ribs were smack'd,  
 And many a Grecian's noddle crack'd;  
 Whilst many a nose ran down with blood,  
 And soak'd these dusty walls of mud.  
 Under the Privy-Garden wall  
 Two cupboard doors compose a stall;  
 Here you may see old Moggy Briggs  
 With caution weigh her rotten figs;  
 No cast o'th' scale she gives the boys,  
 But sells her ware on equal poise;  
 Thus neither Greece nor Troy prevails,  
 But stand like Moggy's rusty scales,  
 Till bully Hector thund'ring came,  
 And threw his weight upon the beam;

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Mad as a bull he scales the walls,  
 And for his trusty Trojans calls;  
 Come here and bring each man a match,  
 And we'll the lucky moment catch,  
 And then depend on't in a twinkum,  
 We'll either bum their boats or sinkum:  
 His voice once heard these Trojan fighters  
 Bring out their linkboys and lamplighters,  
 Not one of all the ragged pack,  
 But lugg'd a ladder on his back,  
 Which they against the hedgestakes prop,  
 And in a moment reach the top.  
 Strait on the walls, the Greeks to fright,  
 Appear'd to their astonish'd fight  
 A fearful and amazing light.  
 Their small remains of courage sinks  
 To see such shoals of lamps and links:  
 Then Hector snatch'd up such a stone  
 As Brandy Nanny stands upon  
 In Paul's church-yard; it weigh'd I guess  
 'Bout half a ton, or more or less;  
 Ten porters strong as can be found  
 Would hardly lift it from the ground,  
 (In these our days of sloth and ease,  
 When porters work just as they please)  
 Yet this as easily he flung  
 As I could do a dry'd neat's tongue;

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But Jove himself, you'll understand,  
 Lent him a sort of helping hand,  
 And in these days great Jove could do  
 As much as Popish saints can now.  
 Thus arm'd he ran t'attack the gates,  
 Tho' rivetted with iron plates ;  
 Nestor, who when the common weal  
 Requir'd his help, could gravely steal  
 (A trade that soldiers quickly learn)  
 Had stole 'em from a farmer's barn,  
 Then drove 'em thick with heads of nails,  
 Such as you see in country jails,  
 Where nails are driven all about  
 To hinder thieves from stealing out ;  
 These gates, though stronger gates could not  
 At such a time of need be got,  
 Were quite unable to resist  
 This weighty stone and mutton fist :  
 With wond'rous force he drove it through  
 The plank, and broke the bars in two ;  
 In twenty thousand splinters shatter'd  
 The farmer's rotten gates lay scatter'd.  
 But what completed all the jumble,  
 One gate from off the hinge did tumble.  
 Then Hector roar'd, Have at your pates,  
 And darted headlong through the gates :  
 In either hand he shook a stick,  
 And look'd as if he'd eat 'em quick ;

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For strength of fists and breadth of back,  
He beat the Glantkiller Jack;  
And moving with resistless force,  
Seem'd an o'ermatch for man and horse.  
The Trojans with a dismal yell  
Follow'd their thund'ring chief pell-mell,  
Whilst the poor Grecians all let fly,  
And ran to wipe their breeches dry.

END OF VOLUME II.

